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University of Queensland

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E. White.

GALMAHRA

... THE MAGAZINE OF THE ...
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MAY, 1929

EDITOR:
J. G. HARRISON

SUB-EDITORS:
E. G. WHITE W. A. L. T. HYDE

WOMEN'S REPRESENTATIVE:
P. HOPKINS

BUSINESS MANAGER:
N. J. TOMLINSON

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GALMAHRA.

Simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.—Hor., A.P. 334.

VOL. V. MAY, 1929. No. 1

The University as the Seat of Culture

It seems to have become traditional among certain classes to regard the University as a "seat of culture and refinement," meaning thereby that it is a home for the idle rich. Such an opinion is obviously erroneous, and is scarcely worth contradicting. But it may be necessary to remind the undergraduates themselves the part they must play in making the University—using these terms in their true sense—a seat of culture and refinement.

The University is a young institution in a State neither populous nor wealthy. It is not very richly endowed, and as yet has not acquired that atmosphere, common in older universities such as Oxford or Cambridge, which takes a man out of himself and makes him desire better things. It rests with the students of to-day to do their part in establishing such an atmosphere.

Their task is a heavy one. They are living in an age of materialism or self-interest, which is directly antagonistic to the aesthetic side of life, and which inevitably means an end to culture as it finds expression in Art. For Art cannot be selfish; nor is it attainable without sacrifice; and self-interest is opposed to sacrifice.

And Art is necessary to life, for one's outlook undoubtedly is considerably modified by one's environment. If children live and develop in a materialistic world they almost inevitably take such a state of affairs for granted. A different viewpoint must be presented before they can be roused to a sense of nobler ideals. Such a viewpoint can be presented by the undergraduate. He has a wonderful opportunity now for higher education and the development of good taste in aesthetic ideals. To an ever-increasing extent, his will be the task of moulding the youth of to-day and to-morrow. As a parent he will be responsible for the training of his own children. As a teacher he will largely determine the outlook of the children of others.

In Queensland, and in Brisbane particularly, there is great need for higher public ideals. Architecture is in the main utilitarian, little regard being shown for beauty of structure. Throughout the State, cities and towns are made hideous by hoardings bearing the most flamboyant advertisements. The National Art Gallery as such is a disgrace to the State. And these are only a few of the ways in which materialism has found expression.

We may devoutly thank God that there are some, at least, who have devoted their lives to Art, and who are working steadily for the establishment of an ideal of beauty among the people in the midst of whom they live. As one newspaper* has recently stated it:—

> "Brisbane, alone among the big centres of population, is lagging behind—in a public sense. There are many cultural societies and organisations which perform useful services to the community, but their efforts necessarily are restricted, and their

[*"The Sunday Mail," April 28th, p. 2.]

influence is confined to a comparatively small number. There is lacking the lead only to be given by a well-equipped art-gallery and public library, each with definite educational aims, such as may be found in many centres less populous and important than Brisbane . . . . . .

"The State and municipality are in possession of paintings, historical records, and objects of art which, if carefully selected, would form the nucleus of a collection no citizen need be ashamed to show to visitors. But the first essential is an edifice in keeping with the dignity of the works to be exhibited. Given that, the enthusiasts may be relied upon to spur the public to effective action."

Support must be given to such enterprises, and the undergraduate is in the most favourable position to give it, in later years. The University now offers him opportunities of knowledge denied to others less fortunate; but it rests with him to make the most of these opportunities. The University cannot compel him to avail himself of them.

The undergraduate, then, if he is to use his life in the service of his fellow-men, must not merely seek to qualify himself to earn a comfortable salary (as so many do), but must strive to attain for himself, and to establish among others, an ideal of truth and beauty. Thus can the lot of man be raised to a higher level, and mainly through beauty of environment is it that this task can be accomplished. For

" 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty'—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

——::——

George Saintsbury

The latest copy of the English "Bookman" contains an article on Sir Charles Sedley by George Saintsbury. Professor Saintsbury has said of himself somewhere, that he has "undertaken some tough literary ventures." To be writing critical articles at the age of eighty-four warrants a certain toughness in the individual himself. He, unlike Hobbs, has evidently no thoughts of retiring. May he be still writing when he reaches his century!

George Edward Bateman Saintsbury, to give him his full name, was born on the 23rd October, 1845. He was educated at King's College School, London, and Merton College, Oxford. Like quite a few other men who have later on made a name for themselves in the world of books, he got Seconds. He was a school-master at Manchester, Guernsey, and Elgin. He was at Guernsey for six years, and enjoyed his stay there very much. At Guernsey, he tells us in a mood of tender reminiscence, "You could get blind drunk for sixpence." In 1895 he got the chair of English Literature in Edinburgh University, which he held for twenty years. He was also, for some time, editor of "Macmillan's." Judged solely by bulk, he has erected a stupendous literary monument, a veritable Great Pyramid of criticism. His "History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe" runs into three stout volumes, as does also his "History of Prosody." These are colossal works for a pioneer. Professor Saintsbury is the first to attempt works such as these on such a scale. He has written the standard work on "Elizabethan Literature." Add to these his Short History of French Literature, Dryden, Marlborough, Minor Poets of the Caroline Period, English Literature in the 19th Century, The Flourishing of Romance, a book on Scott, a Short History of English Literature, a History of English Prose Rhythm, books on the English and French novel, and a series of Scrap Books, and some idea of the energy of the man is obtained. And in not one of these books does he seem to lose his enthusiasm; they all give the impression of having been written by a man who enjoyed writing every line of them. They all contain, to use one of his favourite words, plenty of "gusto."

The curse of literary history is that it leads to talk about books, and talk around books, but not necessarily to a knowledge of what is between the covers of books. There are not many men alive who have read the works of even a couple of authors in their entirety. Professor Saintsbury, however, seems to have read everything. He knows at least the litera-

ture of three centuries in detail, and it is not too much to say, that he is easily the best read man alive. We get some insight into the method of the man when we come across such a passage as the following, "For my part I should not dare to continue criticising so much as a circulating library novel, if I did not perpetually pay my respects to the classics of many literatures." And a reading and re-reading of his books only serves to consolidate the impression that he has travelled not only the well-worn tracks of literature, but that he has also explored thoroughly its arid wastes until it has become to him, literally, an open book.

He knows what he thinks, and has the courage to state it openly. He does not believe in some of the more extravagant claims of Philology, and flatly disbelieves that it is possible to find out with any degree of certainty, the pronunciation of Chaucer. He scorns the moonshine that certain critics, in common with glow-worms, give out. He guards against the error of judging a man's life and books together, and that is a much rarer thing than one might think. The knowledge of a man's life might add to our knowledge of a man's work, but it adds nothing to the literary value of such work. His style most people find most disconcerting, and even displeasing. Its worst feature is the packing of clause within clause, till the sentence becomes like a folding aluminium drinking cup—quite useful when straightened out. At its best it has force and a certain dignity. There is a short specimen of his writing in the Oxford Book of English Prose: "Molière was not old: he was almost exactly the age of Shakespeare when he, too, died—less 'tragically,' as they say, but also with a parcel of work done, such as makes it, though natural, almost absurd to wish for more. As for the 'tragedy,' there was, it may seem to a sober and not too obtuse judgment, little for tears here, little to wail, except in so far as 'the end' is always sad. If God has given you brains, and courage, and the upward countenance; if you have loved; if you have had your day and lived your life, what more do you want? Molière had had and done all this." It is amusing to turn to an old "Pall Mall Gazette" for 1886, and to find there Professor Saintsbury's name shining in a column entitled "Half Hours with the Worst Authors." The writer of the column was Oscar Wilde. He thus describes the erudite professor, "a writer who seems quite ignorant of the commonest laws both of grammar and of literary expression, who has apparently no idea of the difference between the pronouns 'this' and 'that,' and has as little hesitation in ending the clause of a sentence with a preposition, as he has in inserting a parenthesis between a preposition and its object, a mistake of which the most ordinary school-boy would be ashamed." The ideal style, as a vehicle for information, is the style that does not call attention to itself. It should be neither florid nor plain to ugliness, and Professor Saintsbury, for the most part, preserves an admirable mean. He is not like some critics, perpetually calling attention to himself, and consequently taking it away from the author with whom he is dealing. A style such as his, is far better suited for the purpose of literary criticism, than that of Stopford Brooke. His is all together too frothy, and there are few things so annoying as too much froth and too little beer.

His work shows an unrivalled combination of enthusiasm and tolerance. The Professor is a Tory of Tories, but that does not prevent him from doing justice to the works of such a Bolshevik as William Godwin. When criticising the books of any author, he never lets any prejudices interfere with his judgment. It does not matter what the politics or the religion of the writer might be, Saintsbury is only concerned with the merits of the written word. He never falls into the error of judging a book by any preconceived notions of what such a book should be. If he is given an apple he does not complain because it does not taste like a pear. He knows, too, that the end of literature is to give pleasure, and writes it down in no uncertain terms. "Men will try to persuade themselves, or at least others, that they read poetry because it is a criticism of life, because it expresses the doubts and fears and thoughts and hopes of the time, because it is a substitute for religion, because it is a relief from serious work, because and because and because. As a matter of fact, they (that is to say, those of them who like it

genuinely) read it because they like it, because it communicates an experience of half-sensual, half-intellectual pleasure to them. It often makes people positively angry to be told that the greatest part, if not the whole, of the pleasure-giving appeal of poetry lies in its sound rather than its sense, or, to speak with extreme exactness, lies in the manner in which the sound conveys the sense. No 'chain of extremely valuable thoughts' is poetry in itself; it only becomes poetry when it is conveyed with those charms of language, metre, rhyme, cadence, what not, which certain people disdain." If only our critics understood that principle, criticism would be half its bulk and double its value.

But to end this article, which seems to contain too many extracts from Professor Saintsbury as it is, let us add one last extract. At the conclusion of the "History of Criticism," he lays down what seems to him the prime requirements of the critic. "He must read, and, as far as possible, read everything—that is the first and great commandment. If he omits one period of a literature, even one author of some real, if ever so little, importance in a period, he runs the risk of putting his view of the rest out of focus; if he fails to take at least some account of other literatures as well, his state will be nearly as perilous. Secondly, he must constantly compare books, authors, literatures indeed, to see in what each differs from each, but never in order to dislike one because it is not the other. Thirdly, he must, as far as he possibly can, divest himself of any idea of what a book ought to be, until he has seen what it is. In other words, and to revert to the old simile, the plate to which he exposes the object cannot be too carefully prepared and sensitised, so that it may take the exactest possible reflection: but it cannot also be too carefully protected from even the minutest line, shadow, dot, that may affect or predetermine the impression in the very slightest degree."

The highest praise we can give Professor Saintsbury is to say that he has fulfilled all the conditions he has laid down.

A. K. THOMSON.

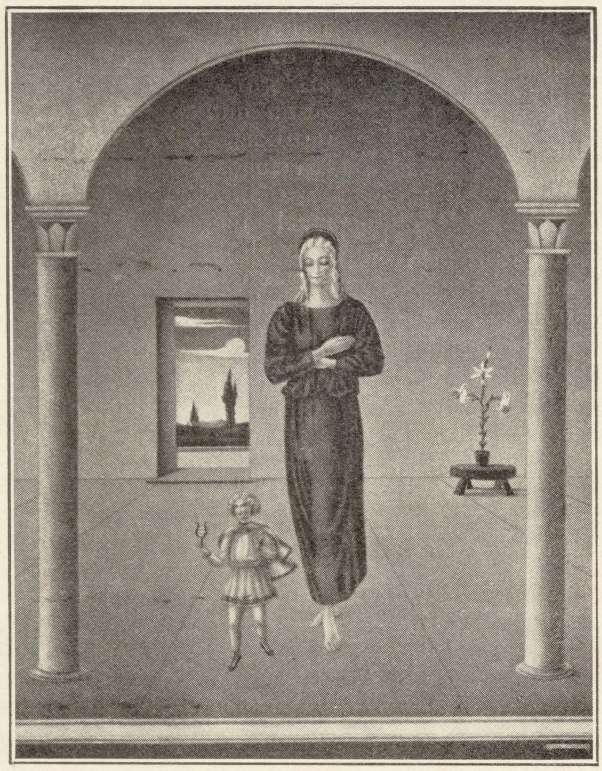
SONNET.

Go, what does Nature care? The small birds sing,
The sun still shines upon this circling dome;
The heart of Nature grief shall never wring
Though nations perish as the wind-swept foam.
The battle-fields are gay with many a flower,
A thousand corn-fields glisten in the sun,
The blood of heroes but becomes a dower
For grosser earth. But through the ages run
A breed of goodly men, to whom the deeds
Of bygone years are as a shining star
Set in Eternity's dark night, which leads
Them often stumbling, ever striving far
Beyond our deeds. Shall we, my comrades, let
Our hearts be sore if lesser men forget?

A. K. THOMSON.

The Ancient Trend of Modern Art

It seems only in recent years that we have begun to realise, at all adequately, the degree to which the various Arts are dependent upon one another. Certain fundamental relationships have been recognised at all times—the debt which architecture owes to sculpture, for example, or, even more vital, the debt of sculpture to architecture. There is, again, the obvious mutual dependance of music and poetry in song and opera. But it remained for Spengler, in the present century, to point out that the different Arts at any period are more closely related one to another than are the various "schools" of any one Art in successive periods.



"Humility," by Sascha Kronburg.

The terms "rococo," "impressionistic," "post - impressionistic," and so on, are terms which are more or less applicable to all the Arts. Impressionistic painting developed hand in hand with the impressionistic types of sculpture, music and literature. This, after all, is inevitable, since Art is to a large extent an expression of the attitudes and emotions of its time. However, in comparing the history of the Arts, a strict parallelism is not possible; for music, at once the oldest and the youngest of the Arts, lagged behind in its development. What music was like in the periods before the Middle Ages it is difficult to determine.

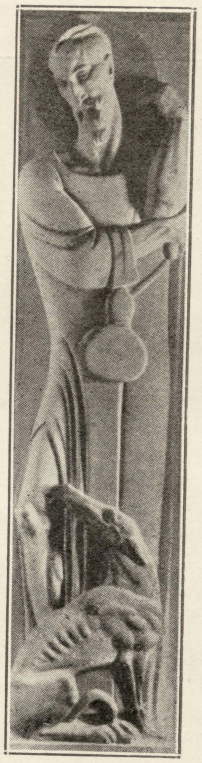
The great interest that has been shown in History and Archaeology during the past century has led to a revival in modern Art comparable to that of the Renaissance. For, just as the rediscovery and renewed appreciation of classical models had a profound influence in moulding the Art of the Renaissance along new lines, so the rediscovery of many forgotten beauties in the works of historic and prehistoric periods has profoundly influenced the Art of to-day.

One of the great charms of mediæval painting and sculpture is the naive unconcern of the artists with historical accuracy. But with the keen interest to-day in historical research, the time long since has passed when an artist may portray a Madonna in the garments of his period, or include his patron among the galaxy of saints around the Throne.

In tracing the general history of painting and sculpture a certain alternation of ideals and methods can be recognised. The work of the ancient Egyptians is essentially formal. In their painting, for example, there is no attempt at realistic portraiture. Certain rhythmic forms and formal attitudes are constant features. "Line" is the important basis of the work. And with these limitations, which after all are not limitations, since they allow of a free treatment of natural forms, works of exquisite beauty were produced, such as the

treasures from the tomb of Tutankhamen. Hellenistic Art had its origin in the Art of Egypt. But with the development of Grecian ideals "line" became of less importance. It was recognised that lines are, after all, merely artificial boundaries that had been used by artists to define masses. The Classical school became, essentially, a naturalistic school.

In Gothic Art there was an unconscious return to the ideals which had influenced Egyptian Art. There was no longer a slavish adherence to naturalistic forms. The Gothic artists had no hesitation, for instance, in carving attenuated human figures to fit the niches in the churches. The human figure, no less than foliage, was treated formally if occasion required; and this formalism produced a harmony between architecture and sculpture which is one of the joys of Gothic Art. The influence of "line" is again of great importance, particularly in the treatment of drapery.



"St. Rochus," by Ivan Mestrovic.

The Egyptian, Hellenistic and Gothic ideals produced the only three original, creative Art movements in the western lands of the Old World within historical times. Egyptian Art had its origin in primitive pre-historic work where "line" and formal attitudes are everywhere important. Gothic Art is a similar and independent development which also had its roots in pre-historic cultures. Gothic Art, however, is less pure than the Egyptian; for developing at a later date, in northern Europe, it was influenced to some extent by contemporary Classical ideas. Hellenistic Art is an original expression of revolt from the conventions which the Egyptians had inherited from primitive artists and had trained to their own ends. Essentially, then. Hellenistic Art is, so to speak, a more civilised culture.

While Classical forms and ideas were dominating the Art of southern Europe, the peoples of the north-western lands possessed their own Art which reached back into the pre-historic past. At the decline of Roman influence in Europe these northern ideas spread, became firmly established, and eventually evolved into what we now speak of as Gothic Art. In Italy, however, the last stronghold of Classical ideals, Gothic types were never happily established. The so-called Gothic Art of Italy is a blend of Classical and Gothic styles.

The Renaissance, with its awakening of interest in Classical ideals, was again a period of revolt. Classical ideals were re-established and Art once more adopted the conventions of a naturalistic school. And now, at a long last, the pendulum has swung back, and there is again a reversion in much of the work of to-day to a formalism similar in spirit to that of Egyptian and Gothic models.

Just as during the Renaissance the influence of the older models led the newer movements along many paths, so it is possible, in the Art of to-day, to trace several lines of development, all of which have lent an antique flavour to the works which have been and are being produced.

Some artists, with no outstanding creative instincts, have attempted merely to reproduce the effects of the older schools "Humility" (fig. 1), for example, is apparently an experiment in the manner of Botticelli and Fra Angelico. Work such as this is in spirit, of the same type as the Neo-gothic movement in architecture, at the end of last century, which deluged England with a flood of churches, all slavish copies of Gothic styles.

The greatest figures in the Art of to-day who have been affected by the earlier schools have been influenced not so much by the ends which the older artists attained, but by the ideas with which they began. They have not attempted to imitate any fixed style; but they have seen, in the work of earlier periods, a way of escape from the realism which was stifling

creative effort. They have adopted many of the tenets of the formal schools; but, in the hands of creative artists, such as Mestrovic, these have led to new and important developments which have the spirit of Egyptian and Gothic Art, but are very far from being imitations.

Dissatisfaction with naturalistic ideals inevitably must lead to a revolt from the limitations imposed by such a school; and the freedom from realistic conventions which characterises much modern work may independently have developed, in many artists, ideas which were in vogue in the days before such conventions were imposed.

In music particularly this is of interest. Many of the composers of to-day are profoundly influenced by the ideals of the past. The work of Vaughan-Williams breathes much of the spirit of his great and distant predecessor, Byrd. But many others are finding new methods; and in shaking off conventions they are developing styles no less revolutionary than those in the plastic arts of to-day. To what extent these may be an unconscious reversion to earlier ideals we do not know; for, as has been said, the records of early music are so few that it is not possible to determine what such music was like.

At the Renaissance European Art was reborn; and the re-adoption of Classical restrictions led to one of the most outstanding developments in the evolution of the Arts. The present development may be the precursor of another great period. If so, future progress will be vastly different from that of the early Renaissance, since it is in the reverse direction—the direction of discarding realistic conventions. Already it has led to some uncanny efforts in such works as those of the Cubists, Vorticists, and so on. Such things may be of value or they may be vapid and effete experiments. But it is an experimental age, and the experiments may lead who knows where? The "ultra-modern" work, which is so strongly denounced by adherents to naturalistic ideals, does definitely express certain emotions peculiar to this age of unrest and change. And it is of more than passing importance that the nations which have contributed most to these new ideas are the nations which have suffered most—Russia, Germany, France, and Yugo-Slavia.

F. W. WHITEHOUSE.

The whole earth lies asleeping 'neath a veil
Of shimmering silver moongleam, pale with stars,
Save where the warrior track of fiery Mars
Shines on the waters. White across the dale
The twisting pathway winds, where yesternight
I looked into your dear, glad eyes; and laughed
That this fair earth such wealth of joy had cast
With open hands. Soft in the silvery light
Dim sounds, as whispers, throng the scented air.
I gaze to where one swarthy pine shaft bare
Stands sentinel aloft, above the bed
Of violet, clematis and red, red rose,
Where once you laid your head.

The Modern Intellectual Woman: as she is Misrepresented in Literature

If there is anybody on this Earth who is more mis-represented in contemporary literature than the American citizen, I think we can safely say that it is the modern, so-called intellectual woman.

And, really, one does not know whom to blame—our modern authors who seem to think that cocktail-drinking and cigarette-smoking are signs of an advanced intellect, or the insipid, beflounced Arabella of the Victorian Age, who—

"Arranging all her dress in order,
Would swoon upon the crocus-border."

When Dickens made Little Dorrit stand outside the drawing-room, hand on door-knob, and say "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prisms" in order to entice her mouth into assuming a rose-bud rotundity, we can no longer marvel how our modern Eves came into existence. Only, unfortunately, they do not strike the happy medium.

There are several types of intellectual women in literature, amongst whom we may count as chief, Shakespeare's "Beatrice," Jane Austen's "Elizabeth Bennet," George Meredith's "Diana," George Eliot's "Maggie," and a host of modern Hypatias who were manufactured as an antidote to the Victorian maidens and who were considered as being genuine post-war products.

Perhaps we should leave Maggie out of the list; unlike the others, she is born amid an ignorance with which she is in constant strife in her search for culture, which, had it been realised, would have rendered her, indeed, one of the most glorious types of intellectual womanhood. As it is, however, she has not attained to the intellectual stability of a Diana of the Crossways.

Without doubt, we would not hesitate to place Beatrice, Elizabeth, and Diana within the narrow circle of literature's intellectual women, not because they speak in pedantic terms upon exclusive subjects, but because their general thoughts are those arising from a cultured, and not a cultivated mind.

And that is just why the modern intellectual woman is so mis-represented; like the voices of many elocutionists, the heroine is cultivated, not cultured.

The first objectionable characteristic of the modern, intellectual woman in novels, is her age. One invariably discovers that her years range from nineteen to twenty-one, whilst her character is moulded by an experience that could not possibly have been accumulated until she stepped well over the line of thirty.

This incongruity is found even among the best of authors. W. Graham Robertson in his play "Cinderella's Slippers," makes Myra, a child of fourteen, attend public economic lectures, while she talks in that altogether too-clever manner that youth, precocious Youth, adopts when the seventeen candles on its birthday cake have all been blown out.

Of course it is all very well to have the heroine of the book young, but no young person of nineteen, be she ever so brilliant, has matured, intellectually, to such an extent that her thoughts and ideas are worth writing a book about. And when they do have something to say, like Gilbert we also can remark that they merely

"Utter platitudes,
In stained-glass attitudes."

It is very peculiar, but it seems (at least in novels), that the only place where the intellectual rose-bud may blossom into a brilliant bloom, is a small flat somewhere in the heart of London, which is to be shared with a somewhat older girl friend who invariably wears spectacles, and whose looks are also decidedly plain.

Have you ever read "The Fulfilment of Daphne Bruno," by Ernest Raymond? Evie, Daphne's daughter, is I think, the most perfect type of sham intellectuality:

"At the dressing-table she removed her hat, and re-ordered her shingled fair hair.

"There could have been few people in the world that afternoon, more contented and sanguine than Evie Muirhead.

"Besides being quite satisfied with her appearance, she knew that her brains and scholarship were of the first in the land.

It would have been blinking the facts and telling a conventional fib, to say less of them. The evidence that her brain was first-class was overwhelming (Good God!). At school she had been admittedly the most brilliant girl. At Somerville she had been one of the few remarkable people, and the memory of her successes in the Inter-Collegiate Debating Society still hovered delightfully in her mind."

(Doubtless she could have deciphered the Rosetta stone and interpreted Sordello at a moment's notice.)

And this was the girl who fluttered off to the Trocadero with the first sheik who laid his "Come hither" upon her.

"And while they swayed to the mastering rhythm of 'Why did I kiss that girl,' she babbled to him of Plato, Pythagoras, Kant, Hegel, Spinoza, and Marcel Proust, and gave him a little summary of her successes at school and at Oxford."

She might just as well have attempted to sing Bach's "Sanctus, Sanctus" to the soporific twanging of a Hawaiian guitar.

Evie, of course, had a girl friend. Evie was a beautiful blond, whilst Lorna Welwyn was plain. decidedly plain. "They used to say at Oxford," the author tells us, "that Evie Muirhead chose Lorna Welwyn for her everlasting companion that her beauty might be seen in relief. It was a scandalous lie, of course."

However, we know better.

At any rate, it is an unsolved riddle why the Arts Department should be made the dump-heap for all individuals aspiring to intellectual brilliance.

Consider Margaret, of "The Happy Highways." Certainly she was a cultured woman, for instead of merely babbling of Plato and the like, she added wisdom to knowledge, and flavoured it with sound common sense. But Margaret in her search for knowledge hardly, if ever, grazed over pastures other than in the broad acreage of Art. The same with Diana.

It evidently has never occurred to authors to draw an intellectual heroine with a leaning towards Science or Mathematics. I wonder why not? Perhaps they do not think that a Scientific or Mathematical heroine can speak in corresponding terms, and yet retain her charming femininity. Or perhaps they do not think that Scientific and Mathematical Scholarships are signs of culture, beauty. However, this I know, that Science and Mathematics are reserved for the hero absolutely, but he must be in his declining years—a greybeard, a Faust.

Literature is a harp of one string which plays, more or less brokenly, one song—Marriage; and the modern intellectual woman is for ever out of tune.

The question of unlawful union is the trump-card of all novelists; for just as mint sauce must inevitably go up with lamb, so is free-love the hall-mark of the cultivated. The misguided puppets seem to think that by disregarding the marriage service they show their superiority over the common herd. They do not realise, however, that in abiding by the Registry Office they simply distinguish themselves from the lower animals.

This idea of free-love seems to be inculcated in the minds of intellectual Youth only, because every young maiden, in such novels, has as her chief friend and adviser, a middle-aged woman, also intellectual, but who somehow or other has become respectably married. It would be very interesting, indeed, if some of our authors were to depict the transition period between these two stages of intellectuality.

Marie Corelli wrote her novel and called her heroine "Thelma"; and many a doting mother stamped clearly the natal year and age of her cherished one by christening her similarly. It is said that the literature of one generation is the Youth of the next. And so there seems to be a cloud of intellectuality and mawkish free-love hovering over our University women. We, at least, are forewarned and should be forearmed. By all means let us sing:

"Here's to the girl with high-heeled shoes,
Smokes my fags and drinks my booze."

And may it be her funeral dirge. Ding! dong! dell!

Music—A Basis for Criticism

Appreciation and criticism may be likened to two neighbouring hills, each distinct in itself, yet commanding much the same view of the intervening landscape. What we see from the appreciative viewpoint will largely determine the colour of our critical views. The same atmosphere enshrouds both hills, and it is for this reason that we always think of one in terms of the other. Appreciation, therefore, must be our fundamental basis for criticism. It has been pointed out by Dr. Percy Buck (King Edward Professor of Music at London University) that criticism as applied to a musical work of art means—the ability to discriminate, to appraise the merits and defects of the thing criticised; the power, in short, to give a sound, because a reasoned, judgment. I would emphasise the advisability of keeping true criticism strictly rational. Most people are ever ready to criticise without a moment's consideration. They act impulsively—the nature of the impulse depending largely on their momentary mood; their personal prejudices, and the like; while a purely logical criticism uncoloured by their own personality is impossible. This difficulty is, of course, due to the intangible nature of music itself. It has resulted in the general neglect of teachers to cultivate any critical faculty their students may possess, as the students' views would be largely framed on their own intellectual and emotional equipment. Some people argue that a criticism, divorced from personality, is illogical. This is incorrect, but it, admittedly, restricts the limits for the application of true critical methods. For an artistic criticism we must exclude all but true music. Modern "jazz" is often quite clever enough, but its appeal is, frankly, to the senses; there is nothing in it to stir the higher emotions. Its ignoble standing compels us, therefore, to disregard it when applying true critical principles. One can note many points of variance in "personal" criticisms of true musical compositions. The greatest of composers and critics have differed in their opinions over such works; being largely influenced by their own fancies. We must recognise the value of their opinions as being proportionately commensurate with their artistic ability, but we must not accept them as rational criticisms. From our defined relationship between appreciation and criticism, it therefore follows, that our critical basis must be founded on a rational appreciation.

Of the two types of musical appreciation—intellectual and inherent—the former alone is purely rational. The intellectual type is an acquired appreciation, the only intuitive accompaniment being a facility for such an acquisition. The inherent must be born within, for if it is absent no amount of study will call it into being. Hence intellectual appreciation, or derived knowledge, must be our only basis for a rational criticism.

To attain facility in delivering a satisfactory criticism, we must study to the fullest extent, omitting no details, as otherwise we may wander from the narrow track. We must not be content to rely solely on our feelings, or on the peculiarities of our own artistic temperament. We must listen to and understand good music, consider the historical side of music, as well as trying to appreciate the aims and methods of the composers we are studying. A person, musically inclined, should study deeply, so as to be capable of logical musical opinions, assisted (perhaps unconsciously) by his innate promptings.

Before passing to further facts I would mention the objection raised by many people to criticising good musical compositions. All good music must of necessity appeal to almost everybody, in the sense that it is pleasing to listen to. Of what value is it to say that a piece is "nice," when we cannot mention one reason why we think it is? The more musical we are the more exacting we become over the deeper details, but if these have our approval the more logical becomes our appreciation. Hence the necessity of advanced knowledge for the cultivation of a logical appreciation: and, therefrom, the ability to deliver a useful criticism.

We may now briefly outline the field of application for musical criticisms. Like poetry, music spreads itself over many realms of thought and action. Both are considerably interwoven, representing man's means of expressing his innate feelings, his aspirations, and his propensities. In such an expression the relative proportions of either may vary, but both are present together in most art work of this nature. We shall not attempt to give a complete catalogue of the various types of musical compositions, a purely arbitrary classification with overlapping borders being sufficient. Firstly we have the music, which may be described as purely emotional. Some people think music begins where poetry ends. I would certainly avoid such an illusion. Much of the finest poetry, as well as the richest music, belongs to realms above the clouds, and can hardly be connected to "terra firma" through the agency of some concrete criticism. Both are branches of the tree of art, separated at such high levels, but generally meeting at some lower point. So ethereal is the musical branch that the musical form, as defined on the copy, is of little importance in itself. Examining it we get very little information on the substance of the music (i.e., the emotion) itself. Such music is to be found in the works of all great composers, although to my own mind Mozart and Schubert are extant examples. A branch of this first type includes the moody, introspective compositions so characteristic of Beethoven, and many of the "sheaf of moods" compositions of Chopin. We cannot satisfactorily criticise this first type. Emotions and moods are changes of feeling, and of outlook, and who can say that any definite types are correct? Music, the one universal language, is largely expressed in terms of this variable (emotion), and this very fact makes it so accessible to all, and yet so difficult to criticise. This emotional music is so volatile, that it leaves no material residue, upon which we can construct a rational criticism. There is one chance, however. Emotional music must have the expression of some definite emotion as its object, and often we can build on this fact; but generally emotion belongs to a region, ill-defined at the best. To illustrate, I would suggest that readers ponder over Chopin's C Minor Etude as an utterance of despairing patriotism. Our usual presentiment is thus to rely on our inherent promptings. If these promptings have crystallised from high ideals, then our opinions will at least be along correct lines, although it may be impossible to support them by pure reason.

Secondly we reach the more tangible types of music, where poetry and music are largely interwoven. Both are often expressible in terms of one another. In such things as songs, or lyrical poetry, both music and poetry are almost of equal importance. Our basis for criticism of such musical forms often becomes much more definite. Owing to the facility for transposing such artistic expressions from one form to the other, we can, quite often, determine logical factors that have been used in their construction. On these factors must our criticism be based. I would not emphasise the value of logical criticisms for such composition, but they are more often presentable than for musical works of the first type.

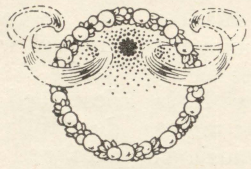
The third typical musical form may be described as prosaic music, or purely descriptive music. The music is so arranged as to suggest more strongly the characteristics of some definite theme, such as progressive action, natural scenery and phenomena, and the like. For all themes, more or less emotional, a musical version is valuable, and often adds much to our conception of the story. It is for this reason that patriotic themes are adaptable to such a musical enlargement; while the significance in opera is too well appreciated to require mentioning. Tschaikowsky's "Solenelle," for example, is a musical representation of the triumphant overthrow and discomfiture of Napoleon's army on the occasion of the siege of Moscow in 1812. The composer has outlined the events with living vividness; and we may, on analysis, consider the details of each scene, or view the total scenic effect. For such compositions a rational criticism becomes real, and attainable without great difficulty. At times, however, we have variables that cannot be eliminated. No two artists paint the same picture in the same way.

but for a representation of something definite the effect should be similar. On the appropriateness of the impression conveyed, on the thematic expansion resulting from the musical setting, and on other definite considerations of this type our criticism must be based.

Our final musical type represents purely technical compositions. These may have been written as pure exercises in technique (e.g., Czerny's exercises), or as illustrating the purely scientific in musical composition. Their value is strictly limited, especially nowadays. Personally, I think much of Liszt's output can be classified under this heading; although he is rather superb in many ways. Chopin's "Etudes" are beautiful technical exercises as far as executive demands are concerned, but they are full of the highest poetic fancy as well. The technical practice is there, as also is the artistic aspiration if you will care to look for it. We can very readily criticise the purely technical compositions, as they contain little beyond what is written on the copy This gives us a definite basis for their criticism.

We have briefly surveyed the nature of criticism, and the sphere of its application. It is unfortunate that the compositions that are most truly musical are immune from purely rational criticisms. Music, in truth, is a planet perpetually shrouded in clouds, whose real inner content is merely suggested by the opaque exterior. By studying deeply, however, we may hope to elucidate, more fully, the secrets of those charming realms that enthrall us. One thing is certain—nothing will reward us so amply, as trying to disperse the mists in which Music has its being.

F.



DREAMING.

Lilt of a haunting tune,
Light of a silv'ry moon,
  And dreams of you;
Peace of a gladsome heart,
Love that doth joy impart.
  And hope renew.

Out of the glorious night,
Steeped in a mystic light,
  You came to me,
Clad in a loveliness,
Robed in a beauteousness,
  Divine to see.

Leaving a peace and calm,
Fragrant with all thy charm,
  That will remain
Shielding me through the night,
Giving me strength to fight
  In life again.

A. MURRAY SMITH.

The New Humour

I would like my friends to note that, although I appreciate presents in almost every form, I do not care for two books of jokes on the same birthday. I address this request particularly to the two kind persons who sent me separately a book of Scotch stories and Mr. T. S. Eliot's poems.

At the same time I admit that I enjoyed both books up to a point: the Scotch one especially. But when I came to Mr. Eliot I was sometimes inclined to doubt my own sense of humour, which, of course, is a real extremity. Mr. Eliot—of whom I confess I had hardly heard before—is, you will gather, a little difficult. I do not wish to dispute Mr. Eliot's probable high place amongst our humorists: indeed there are many things in his book, in spite of its occasional difficulty, that even I could appreciate whole-heartedly. No one, for instance, could miss the almost broad humour of Mr. Eliot's description of evening as being like a patient etherised upon a table. But my mirth was a little nervous at times. You will, perhaps, sympathise if I quote a typical passage of the less obvious kind. Mr. Eliot asks

"Where is the penny world I bought
To eat with Pipit behind the screen?
The red-eyed scavengers are creeping
From Kentish Town to Golder's Green:
Where are the eagles and the trumpets?
Buried beneath some snow-deep Alps.
Over buttered scones and crumpets
Weeping, weeping multitudes
Droop in a hundred ABC's."

Reading that, I still feel uneasily that, while I have a good general idea of its funniness, I may possibly be laughing in the wrong place.

It was with some idea of gaining confidence that I showed the book to a friend. He, to my extreme gratification, saw the first two or three jokes as readily, and laughed in the same place, as I had done. But he grew serious suddenly. "This," he said in bitter tones, "this is some of the New Poetry! It is said to mean something," he explained presently, "only it is in code. Your copy, unfortunately, has no key."

Naturally I was prepared to dispute the point. Given that Mr. Eliot was a little cryptic in some of his moments, my theory still seemed the only possible one. My friend waved objection aside and spoke a little wearily. "Somebody," he said, "has remarked profoundly that the chief end of poetry is not to save a man's soul but to make it worth saving. Well, well, look at that thing there"—(he poked viciously at one of Mr. Eliot's jests: it was that one about the red-eyed scavengers)—"What does it mean? Why a penny world—and why eat the thing behind a screen, if you could? Why, oh, why—those scavengers, and what in the name of—well, what **have** these things got to do with crumpets, trumpets, and alphabets? I tell you, the soul of a man who cherishes a volume of things like that is damned for ever. . . . .

"The Poets saw the common thing as a part of eternal truth, as an expression of The Law, and set it in the sunlight for us to enjoy its hidden colours; these fellows misplace it and emphasise its commonness. The Poets saw men beneath their skins, as God made them; these others deny man his soul, find him a red-eyed scavenger, and leave him one, hopelessly entangled besides in a chaos of buttered scones, Alps, and a thousand alphabets. . . . . I tell you, poetry is not the exclusive property of a coterie to which the poetaster may have explained what his gibberings are supposed to mean. And when it is debased to express individual idiosyncrasy it is no longer poetry. Bah! This is not even verse; it is a labour-saving device."

My friend relapsed gloomily into his chair. I searched amongst the pages for another joke to cheer him.

"I am plain man," he said again, "and Mr. Eliot is reputed to have a profound intellect. But, really, we plain people seem to know better than he does that Poetry postulates common sense. We look for logic as well as emotion in our figures and images, for one thing. And for another, we know that Poetry misses its mark when it becomes unintelligible. We do not ask for cloying sweetness nor painful elegance in our poetry, but we do

require feeling and a sense of beauty—the same thing, of course—expressed in well-sounding and intelligible terms. Frankly, I don't understand this stuff and I don't think anybody else does—including Mr. Eliot. When he likens evening to a patient etherised upon a table, I don't see what peg it is he hangs the figure on, but I do think—and you will surely agree with me—that the smell of anæsthetics and antiseptics in the quiet of evening improves neither the evening nor the smell.

He sank still lower in his chair. Presently he sighed and sat up. "After all," he said once more, "Mr. Punch the other day said all that was necessary. Under an appropriate picture was this:—

> Precious Youth: 'I say, I find I sent you my laundry bill instead of my weekly poem.'
>
> Editor of Ultra-Modern Publication: 'Too late. It's gone through'."

But personally, I am unconvinced. I still think that Mr. Eliot's book is every bit as funny as he intended it to be. But I really prefer Edward Lear—or the Scotch stories.

V.

TO J.L.

Oft have I read, Elizabethan shade,
How all was sunless till thy Julia smiled,
How thy fair Laura all thy sense beguiled,
How near was Heaven when Campaspe played.

And I could wonder, when at last you went
From this cold-womaned world to kinder clime,
Whether your lady paid you for your rhyme
And all the furnace-sighs and rage you spent.

But, sweet imposter, I do know thee well—
Nothing of heartburn pricked thy verse from thee!
Campaspe was—or was not—let it be—
Thou wert in love with Living—her's the spell.

Immortal love of life thine only pang,
Who stood'st upon the brink of all the world,
A river running deep that gleamed and purled,
So that you thrilled and found your voice and sang.

And went hence when the flush was full and red:
Yet died not, as I think, with such full share
Of Romance coursing in thy soul. Somewhere
Thou restest ever in those days long fled—

And every month in thy long season's May,
Seated mayhap in some far skyey isle—
Still from thee does thy Julia veil her smile
And Laura 'witch thee and Campaspe play.

Life : and Youth's Interpretation

So much importance is being attached to the problems and conditions affecting the youth of all nations at this present time that one cannot fail to be impressed by its significance. It is sufficient answer to the pessimists who bewail the apparent decline of modern youth, to read of the response of the youth of America to a clear call for the consideration of such a theme as "Youth's Christian Quest"—when ten thousand young men and women met to discuss this topic. The question of the aspect of life from the standpoint of youth is being seriously considered in ecclesiastical circles even in Brisbane, and if there is to be any light thrown upon this question, then it is we who must speak.

I am Youth—beginning my journey of Life—filled with an eagerness and a hope born of the confidence that I strive to keep. I am filled with a longing which I cannot understand. I am watching and waiting with a clear, critical mind for a hand that I shall trust to lead me. Daylight fades into night and morning dawns again—and I wonder and dream. Life begins and ends—and I am wistful with the desire to understand. The thunder of the world rolls and rolls about my ears, the mighty tramp of nations re-echoes to the roll of drums, the wheel of Destiny turns slowly, unceasingly—and I know not where it will leave me!

The outstretched hand of Age can help me, guide me, but can never take me through Life, for Youth must fight alone. Youth has the spirit of adventure burning strongly within, and the call to search alone, is a call that may not be denied.

"Nothing in life so engrosses Youth as its own affairs. Each child comes into the world bearing sealed orders and driven by a gnawing hunger to know where they are to lead him. He has been sent out on an adventure, the end and aim of which he must discover within himself, the ways and means he must create out of himself. One can give nothing to such a one as this." Those words are from the lips of an American-Italian, and they express very much of that which drives us onward. Dr. Percy Hayward regards the problems of Youth in a different way. He understands Youth to say:

"I am Crime—for the acts are performed or dreamed by me."
"I am Art—for many of its greatest achievements are mine."
"I am Literature—for my pen has created it."
"I am Lust—when life perverts me."
"I am Love—when the world brings forth my best self."

Although these may be true, yet we can but dimly realise it. We must set out alone and discover our own convictions of each, and until we have done so, we shall not accept the principles of others, even though they are true. The mind of Youth passes through many, many stages and even in later years things are still being put to the test. Supposing we have lived our youth without much guidance concerning the higher things of life—Literature, Art, Religion, Science—what do we find? There is an unexpressed longing which we cannot interpret and because we cannot, it is thrust behind a mask of youthful cynicism. We will not be driven, but will travel our own way until we have seen the meaning of life.

Then take an opposite case. Reared in an atmosphere of religion and cultivated thoughts, Youth passes through three stages. In the early part of our youth we accept many things simply because no occasion has yet arisen to make us probe into them. This stage I will call the period of acceptance. After this comes a period of trial during the late " 'teens" and early "twenties." At this time Youth is beginning his fight in the world. Many of the teachings he once accepted are doubted, and even put on trial. Every day something new is gained and every day something appears to be discarded. Actually it is not lost, but is being tested in a furnace of burning controversy and conflicting opinions. At this period Youth is absolutely unconscious of the claims of Age, but this is when the hand of Age is most needed, in a spirit of co-endeavour, and not arbitrary leadership.

Between this stage and the final stage there can be no definite division because from the early "twenties" onwards, right through life, something is gained. It is

now a period of conviction. Out of the doubt and gloom of the stage of trial are born convictions and understanding, deeper and truer because we have tested things ourselves. Youth wants the experience of Age, but not from Age itself. We will know of life from our own experience, and that does not mean that we will therefore tread the downward path. We will accept the guidance if it does not attempt to force us along any definite path. It can help a great deal provided we do not gain the idea that Age is restraining and restricting us, making us long to break the fetters, to escape so that we may fight the battle of life unchained and free.

It remains to say what we know of life, what we think of life and how we approach the fundamental principles—especially in the circle of our University. First of all there is a vivid personal consciousness of the conflict between moral righteousness and evil tendencies, but along with this is a complex that leads a young woman to say that "she would not have missed for anything, such and such a time!" Of course the "for anything" is exaggeration, but there is an idea in the minds of both young men and women that even if their wings are burnt by the flame, the experience and pleasure was worth it all. Whether or not the experience is worth anything is purely an individual matter, but the cause of it all is simply a desire to escape materialism in word, deed, and surroundings, and for a time, at least, to step over the line of conventionality in that spirit of adventure. There is always a "return to earth." The threads of duty are picked up again, quite often with renewed courage and enthusiasm. It is because of the faculty of being able to discard the flimsy shows of things and to concern ourselves with the work to be done in each individual sphere of life that there must be a very optimistic future for youth, now and always.

In young men we find a succession of phases in each of which, a new science, a new religion, a new philosophy of life, or some new branch of art is seized hold of and discarded, but in an undergraduate's words, "They get over it." This is part of the period of doubt which must come at some time in our youth. Many of the same problems confront the young women of to-day also, but perhaps the most elusive tendency and characteristic is again that unexpressed longing for something that is not understood. The young woman fresh from school or university has her mind agitated into a state that cries out for something to allay or satisfy that peculiar longing. Let them but get the idea that there is something for them to do, that will not lead them to think that Life has become a void, and they are contented. From this trait, tendency, charteristic—call it what you will—springs the cry of independence, equality with men, their desire for freedom and that sense of futility which invades many young minds. It is the same spirit of adventure, of fighting the battle alone, which so long repressed, has risen now to sweep along as a mighty flood—and its waters have yet to subside. In the whirl of life, with its varied pursuits, its social activities and its pleasures, a hard material veneer with a most exacting matter-of-factness, forms over us, particularly in regard to the young women who occupy the position of leaders. In the rush of this and that pursuit there comes a temporary balm for a troubled spirit, but inevitably there are moments when the zest of life seems absolutely wanting, and we ask most sincerely, "Can you, O Age, guide us then?"

In youth our ambitions are clear and unsullied, rosy with the glow of uncertainty, and this Life we do not understand seems good to us. We build such glorious castles in the air that often are never more than dreams. Thoreau has said that to build dream-castles is part of life, and they are not to be discarded. Instead we are to put a foundation under them. Extremely cheering, perhaps, to reflective age, but oh, how difficult for youth. Age tells us that when we begin to face the realities our youthful ideals gradually become more and more distant until they at last disappear. But why should they? we ask. If Age tells us that we must have ideals—and we have, whether they tell us or not—why does it so readily help us to forget them? Youth, more so at a university, is extremely critical, and therefore judges the actions of Age in a way

it would surprise those who have left their youth behind.

We are the personification of a question. What are we to think of creation, death, the conduct of life, religion, the world, the universe? What part are we to play? Shall we regard, as in Theosophy, this life as only one of many which we must live before final perfection is attained, or shall we believe that—

"We are such stuff,
As dreams are made on and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep"?

There is no doubt that the cry of youth is strong and clear, and it has always been thus. It is only a different voice that speaks in these modern times. The cause of that cry is always the same eager, wistful longing to understand. We ask that Age shall listen to our cry and be not scornful of our so-called inexperience. The passionate longings of mind and body are equally present in Youth as in Age, and they must be expressed. Though this is a common bond, yet Age will not meet us in co-operation, but is content with mere contempt or indifference, or even suppression!

Are we given a part to play in life, or must we create the part before we can interpret it? The very immensity of Life often causes us to weaken and falter. It is difficult to understand how our youth grows into manhood and womanhood. We have a consciousness that Life becomes more complicated and difficult with advancing years, and the adaptation of ourselves to its changing course is our greatest task. Every day brings newer things, and undiscovered realms in every phase of life are always being found.

There is no doubt that we earnestly desire to understand Life as it concerns us, but we are always seeking something that will be as an example. Take the following verse by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"I know not whence I came,
I know not whither I go;
But the fact stands clear that I am here
In this world of pleasure and woe,
And out of the mist and murk
Another truth shines plain—
It is my power each day and hour
To add to its joy or its pain."

It is hard for Youth to realise that philosophy, and even when we have convinced ourselves, our interpretation may be absolutely different. Life is set before us to interpret, and we appeal for the grace and power to understand. If we can only convince ourselves that there is some purpose in life and that each one of us is allotted a part to play, then we will lose that sense of futility of effort. We will not find rules for our guidance set up in the lecture rooms. The secret recesses of our hearts and minds hold the key to life's interpretation, but we can only enter there in the peace of silence and reflection—and we do not seek that peace.

We must not forget that Youth is a wonderful thing—the Spring of our years with all its unrealised hopes and desires. We should not think—as many of us do—that youth is just an isolated phase to be crowded with every manner of thing for fear that youth will depart and leave us a life of nothingness. On all the best of youth's pleasures and interests is built our manhood and womanhood, and if we realise that, there will be no vacant places in our life. Let us remember that the years of youth are shrined in a temple of inexpressible beauty—that youth is a thing of glory and wonder, precious beyond all price.

A. MURRAY SMITH.

——::——

RICHES.

Old man,
What do I want of your gold?
Is there not gold on the sea,
And jade upon every tree;
And lilies—one—two—three—
Carved out of ivory?

Old man—look and see.
I have it here in my memory,
What do I want of your gold?

"Some People Hang Portraits Up"

Peter Neale Radcliffe stepped off the table. The step, outward and downward, he made with that swift precision and resolution which generally distinguishes the concluding activity in the performance of a faintly distasteful task. Throughout the whole of the afternoon he had been hanging pictures, and now practically all the available wall space was occupied by them. The distaste which his afternoon's employment had inspired in him was, however, due to no dislike of pictures in general, but to a dislike, amounting almost to a hatred, of those particular pictures which were now suspended at various heights but with a nice attention to symmetrical arrangement. The selection, as regards both quality and quantity, was not his but his wife's, and their tastes were widely dissimilar.

Radcliffe was one of those quiet, mild-mannered men, who are remarkable only for their insignificance. His parents had brought him up in the way that their own manner of upbringing had led them to regard as correct. Through them he became acquainted with the less morbid features of that strange social disease which passes under the name of Culture, with the result that he could early appraise a thing keenly and recognise worth when he saw it in music, in a book, or in a picture. Incidentally it produced for Peter that dilettantish frame of mind which may later evolve a brilliant conversationalist or more frequently will convert its possessor into a mere dabbler. So it was with Peter, whose unfortunate lack in the powers of self-expression disabled him from all success as a talker. He dabbled with the dabbler's habitual avidity for fashions and fads and with a dabbler's quick likes and dislikes equally as sudden as inexplicable.

At the several schools which he had attended he received a tolerably good education, but there was always the prospect of having eventually to earn his own living, and when at last he met the inevitable a gentle parental string-pulling secured him a clerkship in a shipping company. The effluxion of time gained him promotion until in his middle thirties he attained to a head clerkship, a position of little responsibility, but carrying with it somewhat of prestige. His mildness which at school had earned him more than his full share of those inhumanities which boys practise on their fellows, still persisted. He drifted daily about his work, subjected to the sniggering comment of his subordinates and the condescending pleasantries of his superiors, and earning from his employers the doubtful compliment of dependable.

That he would never marry was the sure assertion of such of his acquaintances who troubled to interest themselves so far. It had, in fact, become a joke worn threadbare with frequent use, to inquire whenever they met him, "Hello, Raddy, married yet?" And so it came as a supreme shock to that particular individual whose question received the unexpected answer, "Yes, I was married last Thursday." The news was spread rapidly. Everywhere where Radcliffe was known it was being recounted, prefaced by the inquiry, "Heard the latest?" a distinction hitherto usually reserved for Test match scores or the more obscene of the current humour. But after Peter had received the faintly ironic congratulations of his colleagues together with a belated wedding present, and when a certain amount of vicious speculation among the typists as to the character of the bride and the nature of the wedding had died down, the Radcliffe affair ceased to be news and was accordingly dropped from amongst the topics of ordinary conversation, and Peter remained married.

If Peter Radcliffe's marriage had been surprising, Mrs. Radcliffe, to the few who had met her, was even more so. Like many men possessed of good taste in all other matters, with regard to women Peter had secret longings towards the more vivid of the sex, and the wife whom he had chosen was decidedly flamboyant. She, it was later discovered, had been a waitress in a tea-shop where Peter took infrequent lunches, and he had at once

been attracted by those very characteristics which his friends imagined would only repel him. "Last person I'd have thought old Raddy would pick up with," was their general comment when they had looked her up and down, passing over her unevenly powdered cheeks and the clumsily painted Cupid's bow which failed to conceal the true line of her lips, and noting the striking lines of a splendid figure concealed only for greater revelation by her brief, tightly-cut dress.

Between the occasion of the marriage ceremony and the incident of the picture-hanging practically a month intervened. But in that short period Peter had developed a distaste for his wife which was rapidly waxing into a profound dislike. Probably the disenchantment was mutual. Peter had admired the lightness of her demeanour at her work, and her readiness at exchanging repartee with those customers who came there often enough to be familiar, and had hoped that their marriage license was to be interpreted as the perpetual lease of these delights to himself. Had he been better acquainted with the world, or rather with that collection of objectionables which is implied by the phrase, he might have realised that she bore herself lightly only in the hope that she would be taken lightly, and that her repartee was provoked by those who knew and appreciated this attitude. For her part she had been deceived by his dress and his manner into believing him a man of more than ordinary means, and that marriage with him would promise a glorious holiday for her with nothing to do but eat and sleep and go to the pictures at night. That he was not what he had at first appeared to be she regarded as a grievance which she aired on all occasions and produced as an excuse when he reproached her for failing to come up to his own expectations.

Trouble had not in the beginning been apparent. The very early days of their married life had been spent in a service flat where there was very little in the way of housework to be done. But after a fortnight, for the sake of economy, they removed to a house of their own which Peter had obtained principally on account of the moderate rent demanded by the landlord. It was then that Peter began to dislike his wife. He hated the slovenliness of her in the house, he hated coming home to unswept floors and unwashed dishes. Her almost constant desire for petting distressed him, and she on her side was annoyed that he should not take her inopportune caresses in the spirit in which they were distributed rather than given, nor return them in the manner of their bestowal. It all went very much against Peter's grain, for he could scarcely bring himself to utter her name, Joy ("Ridiculous," was his comment), let alone sprinkle his conversation indiscriminately with terms of endearment, or punctuate all his addresses with kisses. Her taste in reading revolted him, and her taste in music with her habit of chanting interminable snatches of it throughout those aimless wanderings of hers about the house to which she gave the dignified description of "doing my work."

An actual explosion did not, however, occur until they sat down to breakfast on the fourth Saturday of their life together, when she announced with startling casualness, "Darling, the pictures have arrived, so you'll be able to spend this afternoon in putting them up."

"Pictures," exclaimed Peter, "what pictures are you talking about, Joy?"

"Oh, such lovely ones, dear," she replied, "I thought you were never going to get any, and the walls look so bare without them, so I went into town and ordered a whole lot, and they came out last night, just before you came home."

"You shouldn't have done it," said Peter, "or you might have asked me about them and found out whether I liked them before you bought them."

"You'll like these right enough; they're real pretty. There's a pair of long ones. One with them long pink birds on it, and the other with lovely white swans and water-lilies."

"Oh," said Peter, and got up hastily to leave for work. It was a very mild explosion after all. But then Peter was a very mild man, and hated a scene above all else.

In the early afternoon Peter started putting the pictures up, in the beginning

under his wife's critical supervision. It was bad enough, Peter thought, to have to put the things up; there was no need for Joy to be twanging her suggestions and her raptures round the room. It was unbearable. Conversation naturally flagged and in a short time Joy left him with a "Well, if you don't like them you needn't be sulky about it."

Left to himself, Peter's mood became blacker. He failed even to appreciate the irony of the situation when he realised that Joy had chosen the strongest hooks she could buy and the stoutest picture cord. He gained not even a vicious pleasure following her instructions to the letter and preserving a hideous regularity and symmetry in their arrangement so that hairy cattle might glance from their own purple landscape into a similar pasture with more hairy cattle, and that tortuous flamingoes might gaze at very white swans round which were planted very blue water-lilies. Instead he climbed about on the chairs and the table, sweating and bruising himself as he lifted their ponderous bulk into position. Finally the last one, a photograph, was in its place, and he stood regarding it sullenly. It was a family group, his wife's (his own photographs, he reflected, were decently buried somewhere in a brown paper parcel), and the sight of it made him feel physically ill. How he hated her then; he felt that he was thoroughly tired of her and wanted something new to interest him. It was only then that he observed that he had dabbled once too often, and that he was tied to her completely with a very efficient knot. So at length he stepped off the table, but when he did so he was tied to something else beside a wife. A running noose of a double thickness of the stout picture connected his neck with one of the very stout hooks, and the knots at both ends were very efficient. Life he had decided was impossible under the existing conditions; his step was very certainly the concluding activity in a distasteful task.

When his wife entered the room again about an hour later, it is doubtful if she fully appreciated Peter Neale Radcliffe's somewhat bizarre addition to her decorative scheme.

RHYS JONES.

HER LITTLE WAY.

Amelia Jane
Had relations in Spain.

Whenever you said
That's a book I have read,
That's a play I have seen,
There's a place where I've been
Amelia Jane
Would be sure to declaim
That she'd done the same
When staying in Spain.
If you just made a note
Of a very big boat,
Or an extra large fig,
Or an overgrown pig—
Jane would just say,
In a much-travelled way:
"Oh, over in Spain,
In spite of the rain,
The figs every year
Are much bigger than here;
And that pig is lean
To the pigs I have seen."
Jane! since I met her,
Always has one better,
And now—I just let her!

Religion and Science

The writer of an article with a similar title in last "Galmahra" has done his best to revive a controversy which has almost completely lost its meaning. Some of the things he attacks—though not all—are elements in Christianity, and we shall try to meet one of those attacks. But, to take the matter on to his own ground for a moment, the science student might remind himself that mass and energy are not things that can be moved with crowbars and crowbars themselves: that the mechanistic theory has, so far, failed badly to produce a satisfactory explanation of either the totality or origin of the universe: and that the essence of science is, not free enquiry, but a painstaking respect for both the method and the object of that enquiry.

When will people realise that there is no necessary dependence of Christianity on the first chapter of Genesis and the ideas about physical facts therein expressed? Nobody, apparently, expects us to hold the views of the Vikings about creation, or of the Indians, nor yet of the Greeks and Romans or Babylonians. Why? Because nobody expects scientific knowledge from peoples who had no scientific outlook, method, or instruments. We are content to learn law from the Romans, and architecture or philosophy from the Greeks, because the Romans and the Greeks were expert in these departments, but we don't feel obliged therefore to accept their views on other points. So we decline to go to the Hebrews for physical science, because we know they had none. On the other hand, we value their religious literature because they are acknowledged experts in that direction. Christianity does indeed take over their conviction that God made the world, a statement which in its elements is little more than the assumption of modern philosophy and of science that the world is capable of explanation, and therefore must be a single and coherent system, unitary in origin and purpose. But the details of the process have only a derived interest for religion.

It would take too long to argue the question of miracles as fully as it deserves and needs. But the article at this point is extremely confused. If you decide that there cannot be a personal God, then it is sheer waste of energy to protest that you cannot conceive of Him turning good water into wine, or two little fishes into a meal for five thousand hungry Jews. But we think that most decent men would want to do these things in the circumstances, and any Thing that wouldn't do them would be less than a decent man, and therefore not worth calling a god. Now, whether or not Christianity is acceptable to the scientific mind, it does present us with an interpretation—more, an incarnation—of God which commends itself to our ideas of hospitable human conduct, and which has never yet been accused of being lower than human effort can attain unaided. With such a presentation the Gospel miracles are quite compatible, and as that miracle of the feeding of five thousand hungry Jews is among the best attested of Gospel miracles, it is a worthy symbol of the tremendous claim Christianity does make—a claim which must be met and either accepted or rejected. There is no question of "undermining," as the early Roman Emperors found. This is so, not because it is illogical or unscientific, but because it is coherent and consistent, two words which describe scientific knowledge rather well. But it must be judged as a whole: it is inadmissible to isolate some features and because they do not fit another set of presuppositions, dub them unscientific.

To deal adequately with the rest of the article would need a bulky dissertation. The constructive outlook is a pleasing feature: one can only wish that it may be carried on into active experiment. But the destructively critical part of it has gone to prove merely that if you hold certain scientific opinions (not all of which are held by front-rank scientists to-day) it is impossible to hold certain low-grade religious opinions. That is a long way from antagonising religion and science.

R. HEAD.

Heroes: Ancient and Modern

The usual idea of a hero is a person whose deeds are admired by the multitude and whom many try to emulate. Throughout history, the majority of heroes have been great warriors, usually those who have rendered their country some great service by their feats of arms, either by freeing it from a tyrant or making it glorious by conquest. Examples of these may be seen in all ancient literature, and many of the heroes have become legendary figures, around whom many stories of superhuman deeds have grown up. Some of the earliest deified heroes are Achilles, Ajax, and others of the Iliad, and later in Greek history we find Hercules and Theseus as examples of liberators who have been transformed into demigods. The Roman heroes are mostly men like Cincinnatus and Horatius—those who came to the help of the city in time of dire need, rather than the leaders who built up the empire. On considering the heroes of more barbarous and primitive peoples, who loved fighting for its own sake more than as a means to an end, we find that their heroes are mostly great warriors, who killed so many thousand men without any particular advantage to their tribe. The old sagas of the Germans and the Norsemen are the stories of their great deeds. The Homeric heroes are also largely of this type; and in Homer's time the Greek culture was still somewhat rude. It was only later, when their culture developed, that they began to consider such a man as Theseus, who was not merely a warrior, but also a statesman. When the beneficial effects of law and order began to be recognised, legislators such as Lycurgus of Sparta and Numa of Rome were raised to the position of heroes.

As to what constitutes heroism in modern eyes, a questionnaire, which was sent by the Young Men's Christian Association to some fifty thousand boys and young men in thirty-eight countries, should give some idea. In general, their selection was of a similar nature to that of the Greeks and Romans; most of their heroes were conquerors and patriots, with a few athletes and occasionally a thinker, religious leader, or scientist. A few of the most popular heroes were Drake and Wellington in the British Empire; Amundsen and Charles XII. in Sweden; and Nurmi and Madame Curie in Poland. Austria and Czecho-Slovakia were practically unique in having very few warriors as heroes, Austria preferring Goethe, Schiller, and Jesus Christ, while Czecho-Slovakia voted for Woodrow Wilson, Masaryk, and John Huss. South America showed the usual patriotic fervour, choosing San Martin and Washington.

The results of this extensive questionnaire show that, in spite of the benefits of civilisation, improved means of transport and communication, and the advance of science, most men are just as narrow-minded and as barbarous as they were two thousand or more years ago. Most countries preferred their own petty patriots without taking a wide view of the matter. Nor is it likely that the opinion of most of the young men who answered the questionnaire will change; it has been found that "most men remain at a mental age of about eighteen years." Thus it appears impossible to change the outlook of people generally except by education, and at present education in most countries is directed specially to instill a narrow-minded spirit of patriotism rather than a wide viewpoint of world affairs.

If we compare the vote of the mass with that of two well-known English thinkers and men of letters, the difference of outlook is striking. H. G. Wells chose as heroes Jesus, Buddha, Aristotle, King Asoka (a Japanese reformer of the third century B.C.), Roger Bacon, and Lincoln; while Dean Inge selected St. Paul, Plato, Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, Pasteur, and Caesar. Of these, only the last could be considered as a soldier, and even in his case his really great work was as a statesman. Among these only two are English; whereas most of the youths voted for their own countrymen. All those chosen by the men who think about what they say are famous as political or religious reformers, scientists, statesmen, or philosophers—classes which form a very small

proportion of the heroes of the unthinking masses, but which have been of more importance in shaping the destinies of mankind than most of the national heroes who have been so highly honoured in their own countries.

In a commonly accepted meaning of the term, a hero is one who, at great personal danger, accomplishes something of great value to his fellow-men. In this sense, the claim of warriors to the honour is very small compared with that of philosophers, reformers, and scientists.

When we consider how much Science has done to bring civilisation to its present high state, and the even greater promises which it holds for the future, it is necessary to give scientists and those who prepared the way for Science a high place in a modern list of heroes. The men who, during the Middle Ages, showed the scientific spirit and thereby incurred the anger of the all-powerful and dogmatic Church, deserve special praise, for, as an Australian poet puts it:

> Never was a Newton
> Crowned and honoured well,
> But, before, Galileo
> Languished in his cell.

Men, such as Roger Bacon and Galileo, who dared to uphold scientific doctrines, although in most cases they suffered for it, kept the scientific spirit alive in Europe during the Dark Ages.

In later times, scientists did not have to contend so much with active opposition as with public apathy. This applies especially to pure scientists, as the value of their work is not usually fully recognised while they are alive. The case of Newton is a famous example of this: it was not till he was dead that his work was recognised, and then memorials were erected to him; but while alive he could not afford to marry.

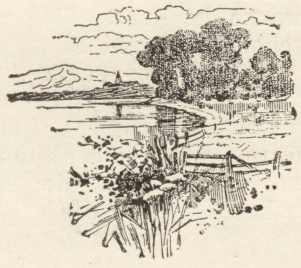
It is not till very lately that the importance of pure scientific research has been properly recognised as being necessary not only for the general advancement of culture, but also for more utilitarian purposes. This dependence of applied on pure science was stressed by Sir John Russell in his interesting lectures last year.

The example of Pasteur shows that, in many cases, applied science quickly wins support. Until 1885, when he cured human hydrophobia with antitoxin, his researches, brilliant and important as they were, passed unnoticed by all except the scientists; but as soon as they were applied with success to man, public interest and enthusiasm were aroused, and two and a half million francs were subscribed for the foundation of the Pasteur Institute, while Pasteur himself was rewarded with a suitable pension. Pasteur succeeded in spite of great difficulties; he was the son of a poor man and suffered from paralysis during the best part of his life.

However, other investigators who have done work of great importance have not been recognised. Many radium and X-ray experimenters have died from the results of the rays without having been properly rewarded during their life for their sacrifices for the good of mankind. Not so long ago, the news arrived that Sir Ronald Ross, whose work with mosquitoes has possibly done more than anything else to save mankind from yellow fever, was so poor that he had to sell his manuscripts.

These men, together with those who have risked their lives or liberty for the sake of a great moral or social ideal, are the kind which should replace warriors and athletes as the heroes of modern civilisation.

C.S.



Science and Religion

The article appearing under this title in the October issue of "Galmahra" demands, I think, some reply, particularly in view of the criticism on the subject which has appeared in the correspondence columns of the public press at various times.

Firstly, it is unfortunate that several writers in the daily press, in their zeal for criticising the writer's apparently atheistic viewpoint, seem to have overlooked the constructive nature of the main object of the article, with which any thoughtful and open-minded Christian would probably be in hearty agreement, namely, to show that Science and Religion, far from being in conflict, are in truth in essential harmony—in spite of the old misguided conflict of theology and science—and probably more intimately related than we with our imperfect knowledge of science and reality can yet realise. Thus the writer's suggestions (which were probably much less dogmatic than his critics were pleased to interpret them) as to the "new religion" which will recognise this harmony are in truth most commendable; and I shall here go further and attempt to show that science is really in harmony with the essentials of present-day Christianity.

The writer ruled out the idea of a personal God because "the march of knowledge shows the universe ever more clearly as self-ordering in the minutest detail." Materially—prehaps so; but even assuming (which is not easy) that the universe is an entirely self-ordering mechanism, do the physical sciences, even with the suggested aid of biology and a little psychology, furnish a **complete** explanation of the universe? The biologist, for example, describes his science as the study of living matter rather than of life, because he cannot explain life; and the psychologist would speak in similar terms of the mind, the workings of which furnish the scope of his science. No—science leaves out of account the ultimate causes of things, and with them the non-material part of life which we call the spiritual; simply because it is outside the scope of science. This, however, does not make this spiritual realm any less real or essential—the desire for religion is too persistent in the experience of man to be dismissed as a mere "emotional experience"; it appeals to the intellect quite as much as to the emotions. And this idea of the "Universe of Spirit" logically carries with it the idea of God, the Infinite Spirit, the Supreme Being, or whatever term one might prefer to use (and without the previous writer's over-emphasis on the personal aspect of the Deity); and admitting this spiritual power, can there be any argument against prayer, petitionary or otherwise, as the communion of the spirit of man with the great spirit of the universe? Prayer thus belongs to the Universe of Spirit, and is thus perhaps irrelevant to the purely material things of the world, but in its own spiritual realm can be "at least as real and living a force in the world as any of the great forces revealed to us by natural science." (Maude Royden).

Certainly man's religion is not yet perfect—man would certainly be an unbalanced creature if he were to evolve only physically and mentally while his spiritual nature remained stagnant—and with the advance of knowledge certain ideas will have to be discarded in religion as in science; the ancient interpretation of thunder and lightning as manifestations of the vengeance of a angry God—a relic of which still survives in the legal term "act of God"—is one of the more obvious of these. The attitude which supports the first chapter of Genesis as an exact history—and a rival to the theory of organic evolution is another—apparently less obvious to some. Scientific criticism of the Bible (by which I mean the systematic study of the Bible, with due reference to the probable authors of its separate books, time of origin, etc., as any other ancient or modern writings are freely studied) has given us the true significance of the Bible, not as a history, but as a record of the evolution of the religion of man from its crude beginnings to its culmination in the life of Jesus. Thus the Bible stands strengthened rather than weakened by the advance of scientific thought.

As to the miracles of the Bible, it would be futile and unnecessary to attempt to deal with such a subject within the scope of this article; but a little consideration will show that the question of literal acceptance or otherwise of certain miracles is surely of secondary importance. For example, admitting the value—and I think it is indisputable—of Christ's life and teachings, which is the greater concern for modern life: the application of the Golden Rule in all individual, social, and international relationships, or the question of whether "two little fishes were once turned into a meal for five thousand hungry Jews"?

"It is one of the prime duties of educated men and women to see that the present duality and antagonism (of religion and science) at the heart of what should be the central unity of civilisation . . . . . should be terminated." In the minds of the great religious leaders of our time such antagonism is already at an end; and the "duality" is fast giving place to a firm unity among the most far-sighted thinkers of the world; and no doubt our lesser intellects will follow, however slowly, till we reach the new and perfect religion of which we see glimmerings—a religion in which creeds, music, poetry, and other arts, and psychology, will in truth all have their due place; but which I have endeavoured to show will be much less materialistic than the previous writer suggested, and will differ but little from the essentials of present-day Christianity.

Finally, I hope my readers will not regard this as an attempt to "wage a little sectarian war in the pages of the University magazine" (quoting from a letter in the Press in connection with the previous article), but rather as an attempt to contribute something, however small, towards the search for Truth which (though along different lines) is the common aim of both science and religion.

G.H.J.

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Glimpses

We have received a book entitled "Glimpses," from the Scholartis Press. It is written by an Englishman who spent many years in Australasia.

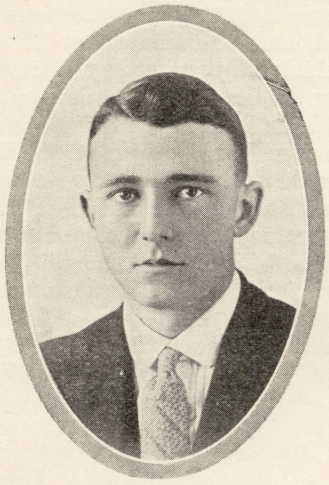
The book consists of sketches, of various lengths and quality. The "School Days of Tom Warner" contains a very pleasant picture of the Toowoomba Grammar School. It is curious to notice how intimate literature becomes when it deals with places that we really know. That is one of the disadvantages of studying English literature in a country such as Australia. References to flowers and birds cannot seem the same to us, who live in a country whose flowers and birds are so different from those of England. The magnificent praises of the English countryside, that form one of the special glories of English literature cannot be appreciated by us. What do we know of hawthorn hedges, and green country lanes? But a sketch such as the above gives us some idea of what an intimate literature can really mean. "A Mere Private" is the longest and most ambitious in the book. The character of Felipe is well conceived and carried out, and the descriptions of France during the Great War are very interesting. The last sketch of all, "Vernon Ditchley," contains some interesting side-lights on publishing and book-selling. The book is marred, however, by a certain obsession with sex. To a reader of "Jim Dawson, Teacher," it would seem as if Queensland schools were hotbeds of sexual depravity. Now, we have had almost the same experience in school teaching as "Jim Dawson" had, and the sketch gives a totally wrong impression of our schools, and Mr. Denison has a totally wrong impression of the child mind.

We have read such books as the "Arabian Nights," and nearly all of Zola's. They are dirty books, not coarse books. They have nothing in common with such healthy minds as Chaucer or Rabelais, whom we have read and hope to read many times again. We do not want to read either Zola, or "Glimpses" again, however. Most literature deals with sex problems. It can be treated as Hardy treats it in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," or it can be treated as naughty little boys treat white walls. Mr. Denison prefers the latter method.

A. K. THOMSON.

Rhodes Scholar

The Rhodes Scholar for 1929 was chosen in November last year. Of the five who nominated, Mr. James Charles Mahoney was finally selected. He has had a brilliant scholastic record. He passed his Junior in 1923 from St. Lawrence's, South Brisbane, gaining nine merits, and winning the Byrnes Memorial Medal. In the Senior, 1925, he gained six merits, and was placed second on the scholarship list. During his first and second years at the University he gained six merits and a pass, and then in his final examinations in Modern Languages and Literature (English and French) he gained first-class honours.



Mr. J. C. MAHONEY.

Mr. Mahoney's activities have not been confined to his studies. He has gained distinction in sporting activities. In 1925 he won the Queensland 880 Yards Junior Championship in record time, and in 1927 he won the Queensland Senior Mile Championship. He has regularly played with the University B grade Cricket XI., and occasionally with the A grade. He was chosen to play against Sydney University in December, 1926, and in that match was successful as a bowler.

In Union activities Mr. Mahoney has also taken a prominent part. In 1928 he successfully carried out his duties as honorary secretary of the Union, and throughout his course he has taken a prominent part in the activities of the Debating and Wider Education Societies, of the latter of which he was president in 1928.

Mr. Mahoney has entered at Balliol College, and it is his intention to continue his studies in Modern Languages. He has always performed whole-heartedly during past years any work he has undertaken, and it is with the confidence of this University that he will leave for Oxford to take up his duties as Rhodes Scholar.

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BEAUTY.

I had seen so many days
Fade into nights, so many days
Stirring below the hills—until I thought
I knew the soul of beauty
And the magic of her ways
Because I knew so well her face
And the long hymn of her grace.

And it is strange. To-day I saw the light
Sudden between the trees, and the sun
Bright upon the world: and I knew
That beauty and eternity are one.
I knew that I could never know one part
Of the travail, of the glory of her heart.

The Scholartis Press

30 Museum Street,
London, W.C.1.
15/10/28.

The Editor,
"Galmahra."

Dear Sir,—In your issue of August, 1928, you have flattered me with an article on my press (the Scholartis) and myself. At the risk of appearing ungracious, may I state that the biographical paragraph illustrates the dictum that a legend can arise within ten years.

I obtained my B.A. degree in 1921, not 1912; I was not the first student to get a first in Modern Languages, that distinction belonging to Miss Hilda McCullough (I'm not sure about the spelling!); I believe I was the first to obtain it in French and English. The Queensland M.A. was for "Eighteenth Century English Romantic Poetry"; the Oxford B.Litt. for "The French Romantics' Knowledge of English Literature." In London I lectured not at University College, but at East London College. I have at no time been a member of the Fanfrolico Press, even if they did publish my "Robert Eyres Landor." Moreover, I founded the Scholartis Press in September, 1927, not in 1928. Thanks so much!

ERIC PARTRIDGE.

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Vacation Experience

Wells has said that no man is truly educated until he has earned his living with his own hands for a year. And, although we might have envied our brother scientists and artists, stretching lazily on the warm sands at the seashore, we really congratulated ourselves on the prospect of an adventure into life as "the working man." However, there was one thing we sadly missed—the coat, collar and tie, so characteristic of, and so essential (at least some professors say so) to the dignity of the University.

It was very disconcerting to board the 6 a.m. train, especially after forfeiting some two or three of the happiest hours of sleep, and to find ourselves occupying the seat that Bill So-and-So had been wont to use since time immemorial. And Bill didn't waste too many words telling us, either. In vain did we remonstrate with him, explaining that we were entitled to the seat since we were there first.

"That's been my seat all this year, hasn't it, Joe?" he said, appealing to his neighbour for confirmation. "Why can't you fellows keep your own seats, and not go running all over the train?" But after a hurried explanation he seemed quite satisfied, and was quite willing to allow us to sit next to him.

But along came the ticket inspector, and, to make matters worse, Bill hadn't got a ticket, and was "pinched." "Confound these d—— University students!" he cried; "they always put a ticket-nipper on when they come on the scene. That's twice he's been on this month, isn't it, Joe? And he wasn't due for another three weeks." But at last we arrived at the works, and further conversation was interrupted.

And now began our wanderings. We passed from train to gate-keeper, and from gate-keeper to shop-manager. With a grin the shop-manager took us down to a large foreman, who passed us on to a lanky sub-foreman, who in turn introduced us to a grey-haired leading hand (highest rank of the black-shirt brigade). He introduced us to a working mate who presented me with a job and a borrowed spanner. As I manipulated the spanner I thought what a busy place it was; men on top and below, inside and outside of the boiler; gantry cranes rattling to and fro, banging of hammers, whirr of drills mingling with the maddening clangour of pneumatic tools. I thought, too, what wonderful organization there must be to keep all these men supplied with materials and with jobs. The shop itself seemed

horribly dim and dirty—the occasional red glow of a portable forge, the shower of sparks from a grinder or from around the vivid blue flame of the oxy-welder, accentuating the darkness.

A week later: We were cursing wholeheartedly the rotten system which covered the shop floor with an indescribable mess and ensured that the exact location of any material required would be 'Probably somewhere between one end of the shop and the other.' We couldn't find a blower-pipe to fit, and were sitting down in the smoke box discussing things. . . . . "At any rate Tommy can't give us another job until the boilermakers have finished, so why shouldn't we 'sit down'?" were our feelings on the matter. This time the shop seemed horribly bright and I was filled with apprehension lest "Mum" should spot us.

Although the foremen are of the conventional comic-paper type, their tyranny is mostly bluster, and it is the proper thing to answer back as hard as they attack, unless one is wholly in the wrong. Despite the alternate bluster and whine, which I suppose are as much part of a foreman as the uniform is of a soldier, nobody ever seemed inclined to work any faster than necessary, or any slower than usual. Connected with foremen there is a strict ritual in the shops—which is to grab a spanner immediately a foreman appears. Pray do not suppose that this is an endeavour to persuade him that work is proceeding satisfactorily. The mentality of the working man is not so poor as to imagine that this bluff would work. As a mark of respect it is observed satisfactorily by both sides.

There is an inexhaustible fund of interest and humour in the shops. Of course the inanimate was the first interest to be discovered, and with increasing nonchalance we would leave the shop and wander off. The boiler shop with screaming "taps" and maddeningly rattling rivetters, with huge hydraulic machines that quietly squeeze rivets home, or bend three-quarter inch boiler plate, held our interest for a time. The power house with tiled floor, fresh green paint, and gleaming steel, presented a pleasing contrast to the complete untidiness and grime of our erecting shop. Uncanny automatic machinery; huge wheel lathes; a forging press squeezing, with a pressure of 350 tons, red hot ingots into axles and connecting rods; drop hammers stamping out small parts with explosive bangs; the modern sawmill with complete mechanical handling of everything—all were good to watch.

Still more interest was to be found with the men—men who had been all round the world as soon as apprenticeship was over; men who knew but little of maths. or of drawing, but who did know their trade and looked with scorn on the modern apprentice; men with diplomas or 'chief's' tickets, who had married and had stuck in the rut of a government job. There were many well-read men, too, and Bellamy's "Looking Backward" and Omar Khayyam were quite popular. Many were the discussions we had on free trade, and on Communism, which is generally scorned. True Socialism, and world peace through the combined voice of the world's "workers," are great ideals, commonly held, and moreover held possible of accomplishment. Of course there was a crowd of uneducated drifters, ready to follow the glibbest talker, and chiefly interested in the next Test, in picking winners, and in the "pubs" at the corner on the way home. But the thinking man predominated, And that queer factor, "mob psychology," coupled with equally queer "union officials," accounts for the very few really stupid things done in the name of the working man. For there are two good sides to a question, and I think I gained some idea of the working man's viewpoint in the shops—an idea which cannot be gained except from the working man himself.

The most noticeable factor in the shops is the humour and good fellowship. Jokes, which I suppose in polite society would be dubbed very *risqué,* and good hard Australian, were all the usual thing; and, accepted as such, were not noticeable. We were all quickly welcomed into the brotherhood of the shops, and were farewelled with much sentiment. Indeed, one of us, by a few minutes only, escaped being kissed good-bye by the whole of the gang. The chaff and banter and practical jokes were the same as we indulged in at school, and as we fortunately

still enjoy in the drawing office. The "world's worst driller" would with a grin drill a still more crooked hole, and remark that he far preferred his mate to sing "Annie Laurie" than to hold the 'jigger.' Tales were told of intelligent (?) cleaners who white-washed a smoke-box, or tried to fill a boiler through the funnel; of a bad-tempered "cobber" who picked up a red-hot rivet in his hand to hurl at someone; of an apprentice who was sent to the wheel shop in search of a tyre-pump for an engine. Tales also were told of University students, and the men had a hearty laugh at our expense over some of our predecessors' stupid mistakes: One student quite innocently set out, under instructions, to have a lead chisel hardened in the furnace. Another, just as unsuspecting, took the broken pieces of a file to the smith to get them welded. Two students, when entering the brass shop one morning, quite unexpectedly received a shower-bath from a bucket of water perched aloft and controlled by a string. Here the narrator laughed so heartily that he forgot to mention whether the bucket fell on them or not. The students, however, took a grim reprisal. Seizing a hose, they turned its full force on to the shop, and hosed the whole place out, men and all. The men didn't receive sufficient notice to retire before the attack. This so angered one man, probably an innocent party who had nothing to do with the bucket joke, that, armed with a hammer, he set off in pursuit of one student, with full intent to "do for him." The student's fleetness of foot, and that only, saved his life that morning.

Lastly, of course, we were seriously informed that previous students had invariably brought a cake or two, or a box of cigarettes on their leaving day. I decided to be the exception to prove the rule, but was none the less heartily farewelled by the gang.

And thus our education was furthered, while we had quite an interesting time. One thing we learnt, at least, that Australian workers are, if nothing else, jolly good fellows all. It is experience, right enough, this workshop practice, and there are plenty of amusing incidents in it to make life worth while. Others don't know what they are missing:

CONSTANCE.

Ere yet old Earth has sipped the morning dew,
Or Sol dispersed the mist from yon tall tower,
I wake, and seek in every opening flower
Trace of that beauty, God has given you.
Stretched over me fresh heaven's glorious blue
Lends to my fainting soul a kingly power,
That bids me hope; not in dejection cower,
But at thy feet my plaintive song renew.

Ah! come with me, my love, and let me woo
Thee! Far from fretful care an elfin bower
I know, where naught disturbs the peaceful hour
Save music-making leaves; or the soft coo
Of mating doves forbodes an April shower.
Be mine, or make joy grief; turn sweet to sour.

JUNIUS.

A Bashful Fresher

The forms are cleared aside and the tables removed. The piano is rolled to one corner, for it is the first Commem. practice, and the singing is finished. A pause. Who is to be the pianist? The women stand on one side in a crowd, while we try to efface ourselves on the other. No one can be found to play first. We continue to look foolish while a bold spirit is induced to come forward.

Now the music starts up. No one likes to begin the movement towards the women, and the newcomers are retiring, so that by the time they have taken their courage in both hands and gone over, the few they know are already dancing. More confusion!

Others who are in the same predicament tell you that it is quite informal, you should introduce yourself. You again decide to be bold and choose a partner. She seems rather shy, too, but gets up, and you begin. "Quite a small number here to-night," you say. "Yes." "Did you get caught with the rain?" "No, it came on later," and soon the conversation languishes. The third tune stops; and you go outside where it is worse still. A new dance is hailed with relief.

Everyone seems to be dancing now. You see disengaged a woman you have met, and hasten to secure her. This is a relief, but still conversation languishes at times.

Another dance or two passes and again all the women you know are engaged. The memory of your first experience is fading, and again you go up to one you do not know. Disaster! She is more reserved than the first, and you rejoice when the opportunity arrives for escaping. You have had enough and join the non-dancers. At any rate it is the last dance, for which you are devoutly thankful.

"God Save the King," and you look round for the friends with whom you came. They are now escorting their fair partners home, and you are left to return disconsolate, wondering at the troubles brought about by the other sex.

O MUSIC! WHERE?

O Music—where has fled thine old-time charm?
Are all the Masters dead, whose measured notes
Gave once, to man and woman, arm in arm,
An insight to sublimer things? Or dotes
Thy Muse on such catch-tunes as we must hear?—
We, longing for the hallowed resonance
Of tunes immortal, which delight the ear
Attuned to love such noble things. Now dance
The minds of youth and maid to crazy sounds;
The harsh and jarring notes of noisy bands
Their poor conception of good music rounds,
Till now the Masters die in jazz-mad lands.

And still is heard the cry from year to year—
"Where lives thy beauty now?" O Music—Where?

ZEILAH.

Vestibularia

We welcome to the University Mr. H. J. G. Hines, B.Sc., who has joined the staff as Lecturer in Agricultural Chemistry; and also Mr. F. A. Perkins, B.Sc.Agr., who has been appointed Lecturer in Economic Entomology.

Miss Dorothy Denniss is to be married shortly, and will leave for Fiji later in the year.

Dr. Ernest Barton has been in Brisbane recently with his wife and daughter. He has left his practice in Port Douglas, and is going to England to specialize.

Dr. Doris Wagner (neé Swanwick) is living at Taringa. Her husband, Dr. John Wagner, another grad., is now practising there.

We extend our congratulations to Miss Anne Peterson, who has been appointed Head Mistress of a Melbourne Church School; and to Miss Dora Lockington, who is now acting Head at the B.G.G.S.

Early this year Miss Alice Mills ("Pills") passed through Brisbane on her way to China, where she is engaged in the mission fields.

Miss Ursula McConnell has returned from a six months' sojourn in Cape York Peninsula, where she has been working on anthropological research. She is now in Sydney writing a series of newspaper articles.

Latest advices from Cec. Ellis indicate that the weather has been decidedly cold in Madison, Wisconsin, U.S.A. The record low temperature has been —20° F., and for whole days the thermometer had refused to rise above zero. Still Cec. appears to be enjoying life and to derive amusement from the respect (?) shown the XVIIIth Amendment.

Noela Harris has returned from a grand tour which lasted about three years. She has much to tell us of the customs of other nations.

Helen Leslie has left the teaching profession and has joined the ranks of the married. Our best wishes to her.

Gordon Grant, the former "life of the party" at King's, is expected back in Queensland on furlough shortly, on the completion of his training as a flying cadet with the R.A.A.F

Miss Harriet Foggan has also returned from a two-years' trip abroad. She spent a good deal of her time studying in France.

Miss Orma Smith returned in January from a long trip to England and Europe.

"Gerry" Gerrand these days is Flying-Officer Gerrand, R.A.A.F. He is pilot of one of the Air Force machines which was engaged in the Keith Anderson search.

We offer our congratulations also to Joe Harding and Kitty Hassler, who also have been married.

Early in the year the engagement of Bill Hardy and Betty Weeks was announced. We congratulate them. Betty at present is Junior Secretary of the Y.W.C.A., Bendigo.

Frank Gaydon, since his return from England and U.S.A., has been toiling for the P.M.G. in Sydney.

Andy Thomson has won the distinction of being the first to gain first-class honours in English, and has been awarded the P. J. McDermott prize as the most proficient in English. He has now resumed his teaching duties at the Ipswich Grammar School.

Kath. Pollock is now teaching at Orange.

Bill Barlow has surprised us by becoming engaged. Yolande Warde is the fortunate woman. We offer them our congratulations.

Ken. Kirke has left All Souls', Charters Towers, and is teaching in Adelaide. His place at All Souls' has been filled by Matt. Foggon.

M. Stephenson is teaching at Launceston.

Jessie Butcher is now imparting knowledge at Glennie.

Frances Scott and Bill Rankin have secured our best wishes by becoming engaged.

Toni Rohde is now studying Phonetics at Bonn University.

Warwick Church of England Girls' School has claimed two of our grads.—Olive White and Viola McCosker. Viola began her duties at the beginning of the year; Olive after Easter, on completion of her final Mods. exams., in which she gained seconds.

Alma Perrett, who won Classics firsts, is now teaching at St. Hilda's, Southport.

Esther Loose is now with her people near Perth, and is studying for her Dip Ed. at Perth University.

Joyce Campbell is teaching at Mackay.

We are pleased to learn that A. N. ("Johnny") Horner has become engaged to Mavis Summer. Our congratulations are extended to them. Besides a fiancée, Johnny has acquired a Baby Austin.

Ruby Phillips and Len Fisher are now married. We offer them our best wishes.

Mairi MacKillop is now teaching at the P.G.C., Warwick.

Bill McDougall spent a couple of weeks in town during January. He is now back in Gordonvale chasing "wogs." Mac. has not changed.

We offer our best wishes to Alec. Clappison and Glad. Halstead, who have become engaged.

Walter Harrison hopes to be back in Australia at the end of the year. He takes his finals in Law in June.

We congratulate George Seaman on passing his Bar Finals, and understand that he intends to practice in town. We wish him bag loads of briefs.

Hazel McCullough is now teaching at Ballina.

Archie Douglas has also left for England. His destination is Metropolitan Vickers Ltd., Manchester, where he will join Narv Collins.

We offer our congratulations to Betty Barker and Mr. Somerville on their engagement.

Jimmy Parnell, better known as Tommy, has left for England to show the engineers at Rugby how to "grease."

Cec. Kerr and Rhys Jones still grace us occasionally with their presence.

Jim Mahoney, who gained firsts in Mods., and was selected as Rhodes Scholar, is now teaching at De La Salle Christian Brothers' College, Armidale. He will leave for England in August.

Jim Pollock, having won firsts in Engineering, is now employed by the Main Roads Board.

Charlie Barton is helping to solve the engineering problems of Townsville.

Fred Few is somehow or other mixed up with sugar at Bundaberg.

Roy Head, having carried off seconds in Philosophy, is now studying at St. Francis', Nundah, for his Th.L.

Jim Housden is now curate at Ipswich, and occasionally pays us visits.

Dorothy Hill, after gaining firsts in Geology, has been unable to sever her connections with the 'Varsity, and continues to work there.

Alan Hoey, as everyone expected, carried off firsts in Classics. As we go to press we are ignorant of his movements.

We learn that W. R. Winks and Irene Bedgood are married. Our congratulations to them. Mr. Winks is now employed by the State in the Agricultural Soil Survey Department.

We offer our congratulations to Harold Clifton-Parr on his engagement to Miss May Rose Death.

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A GIRL.

Quick, yet divinely hesitant, from lips
So delicate in form, come gentle words.
Shyly she moves among those half-unknown,
Yet when among her comrades filled with life;
Gay, yet with that small hint of gravity,
Which gives her such great charm. Dark is her hair,
And darkly now peep forth her long-veiled eyes,
Her dainty ears half-hidden, half-disclosed,
All part of her great undefined spell
Of full young life with modesty restrained,
Which captivates me all against my will.

University Societies

THE UNIVERSITY UNION.

Since the corresponding issue of "Galmahra" last year, much has been done by the Union. The card index system of records of membership has been installed and is now fairly complete.

A second issue of the Handbook has been produced, and appears to be filling a definite need. Any suggestions for alterations or improvements of any kind in the Handbook would be welcomed by the Handbook Committee.

About two hundred and fifty students were present at the Freshers' Welcome, the Union's first social activity for the year, and if this can be taken as anv indication, total membership should be an advance on last year. Such signs of progress are very welcome, indicating as they do a definite move towards that far-off goal, the attainment of which will mark the establishment of a permanent University, and a bigger and better Union established in its own building in the new University.

MEN'S CLUB.

The Men's Club held its annual dinner on the 16th of November. This is its most important function during the year, and was socially a great success. His Honour J. W. Blair, Chancellor of the University, was present.

In the absence of Prof. Steele, due to ill-health, Dr. T. G. H. Jones presented the Steele Cup for inter-faculty sport, to Science. The Baxter Cup was presented to the colleges by Dr. Hirschfeld.

Early this term the new undergrads, were entertained at the usual "Freshers' Welcome," which endeavours to introduce them to University life.

The resignation of the President, Mr. K. N. S. Hall, B.Sc., and the hon. sec. and treas., Mr. E. Anderson, were accepted with regret. Mr. Hall's loss to the sporting and social activities of the University will be keenly felt. Mr. Anderson was also a prominent member in University life.

At a special general meeting held on 5th April, Mr. E. R. Behne, B.Sc., and Mr. C. A. Jorss were elected to fill these positions respectively. Mr. J. S. Oxnam was elected vice-president. The committee for the year 1929 comprises Messrs. W. Young, W. Nixon-Smith, J. S. Oxnam, E. G. White, and J. P. McGrath.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

At the end of third term of 1928, the first and second year members of the Women's Club entertained the third years at a river picnic to Green Island. The afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

At the beginning of this year the Women's Club gave a morning tea to welcome the Freshers for 1929. Mrs. Lowson acted as hostess. Miss Saunders spoke on the activities of the Women's Club, Miss Holdsworth on the Sports Union, and Miss Bell concerning the Christian Union.

The first year representatives to the committee of the Women's Club are:—Arts, Miss Backhouse; Science, Miss Griffin. Arrangements are now being made for holding our annual dance on May 11th. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance. The usual good time can be expected.

UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The office bearers for 1929 are:—President, Professor J. J. Stable; Vice-President, Dr. F. W. Whitehouse; Treasurer, Mr. C. S. Christian; Secretary, Mr. J. S. Hardy; Members to Committee, Misses Wearne and Shield.

In the early part of the year the Society held a reading of "Lady Windermere's Fan," which was quite successful, and at which there was a big attendance. The number of students taking an active part in the Society's functions is now large. A short time ago another reading was held, this time four one-act plays being read, and these will be produced at the University at a later date.

This year the Society has decided to extend the scope of its activities, and in addition to producing A. A. Milne's "The Great Broxopp" in Brisbane on July 26th and 27th, tney intend to take the play on a tour of the North. This tour will take place during second term vacation, and will take up most of the vacation.

The tour, it is hoped, will be a success, and will end what promises to be a very successful year.

MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The activities of the Musical Society are at present confined to a practice each Wednesday afternoon, and so far good progress has been made with Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," which we hope to produce some time during July,

We are again fortunate in having as our conductor, Mr. S. Dalley-Scarlett, and his keen enthusiasm combined with members' interest should enable us to accomplish a good year's work.

WIDER EDUCATION SOCIETY.

The office bearers for 1929 are:—President, Mr. H. A. Lowe; Staff Vice-President, Dr. Whitehouse; Student Vice-President, Mr. R. K. Fardon; Secretary, D. N. Gredden; Committee, Miss Blue. Messrs. Vallance and McIntyre.

The Society began the year very successfully in having for its initial lecture, "Musical Appreciation," by Mr. R. Dalley-Scarlett.

We had hoped to get Madame Pavlova to talk to us on some subject connected with her art, but, unfortunately, she could not come down, and at extremely short notice Dr. Whitehouse admirably filled the breach, by delivering a most interesting lecture on "Racial Problems," with accompanying lantern slides. A large audience expressed great appreciation of this stimulating lecture, and we feel specially indebted to Dr. Whitehouse for this able assistance.

Before the biggest and perhaps the most appreciative audience that we have seen for two or three years, Dr. Lowson delivered two extremely interesting and valuable lectures on the Interpretation of Dreams. These very excellent lectures were interspersed with many delightful touches of humour, of which the audience expressed great appreciation.

We hope later to get Captain Brain. Mrs. Levine, and some of the leading business men of the city to deliver us lectures. And we are arranging a series of Art lectures to be given, if possible, by Mr. Warbrick, Mr. Hayne, Miss Mayo, and others.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The first activity of the Christian Union for the year was the Pre-Sessional Conference, which was held at Redcliffe on March 16th and 17th. Here the members of the executive, together with Mr. Wyllie, met to discuss plans for the year. Mr. R. Fardon having resigned from the position of secretary, Mr. G. Nash was elected to the office.

Mr. Bert Wyllie, the travelling secretary, who has recently returned from the meeting of the General Committee held in India, paid us a final visit before resigning from his position in the Movement. He gave us two very interesting and provoking lectures on "Unhappy India," in which he dealt with the national, religious, and student problems of India. After the second of these addresses an interesting discussion took place.

By way of experiment, the annual Local Conference, which is usually held towards the end of second term, was held earlier this year, the date being 19th—22nd of April. From the point of view of numbers, the experiment was not too successful, as many who were interested could not attend. However, those who went to Southport all agree that the Conference was most profitable and enjoyable. The study was "Christ and the Student," and addresses were given by Canon Robin, Dr. F. W. Robinson, and Rev. H. Cunliffe-Jones, the new travelling secretary, who is at present visiting Queensland. The addresses and the study-circle work were appreciated by all. It has been suggested that another conference should be held towards the end of second term to enable a larger number to participate in conference activities.

The Monday mid-day addresses have been given regularly. Mr. Wyllie was the speaker at the first address, and at the second Dr. F. W. Robinson spoke on the Christian Union and its activities. A series of addresses on the subject of "Jesus and the Student" are now being given by Profs. Priestley and Scott-Fletcher, and the Revs. Dean Batty, H. M. Wheller, and W. Hardie. It is hoped that we shall have an address by the Rev. Lionel Fletcher, of New Zealand, towards the end of May.

The Christian Union propose to hold a first-class concert in June with the object of raising funds.

Any students of the University who are interested in the activities of the Christian Union, but have not yet joined a study circle or attended the addresses, are invited to do so.

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THE SEQUENCE OF SAINT EULALIE.

(Translated from the French of the ninth century.)

The "Sequence of Sainte Eulalie" was written towards the end of the ninth century. The only specimens of French composition of earlier date that we possess are the Oaths sworn at Strasbourg in 842 by Ludwig, grandson of Charlemagne, and by the soldiers of his brother Karl, which are preserved in a history written in Latin by a contemporary. The "Sequence of Sainte Eulalie" is thus the earliest monument of French literature. It was composed in the Abbey of Saint Amand, in the north-east of France. The story is told with the ingenuousness and directness which are characteristic of the early stages of Old French literature.

Eulalie was of virtue rare:
Fair her form, her soul more fair.
The foes of God were plotting evil:
They wished to make her serve the devil.
These counsellors bade her deny
The God Who reigns above the sky.
She heeded not. Nor threat, nor prayer,
Nor gold, nor silver, garments rare,
Availed to make her cease to pray
To love and serve her God alway.
Therefore the maiden did they bring
For trial to the pagan king.
He urged her to renounce her claim
To follow Christ, and bear his name.
She wavered not. From faith she drew
Fresh strength her courage to renew.
Far rather would she suffer pain
Of tortures, threatened once again,
Than virtue leave. She would not bend
And won great honour at the end.
Into a fire they threw the maid,
But, faultless, quite unharmed she stayed.
This sign the pagan would not heed.
Her execution he decreed.
No words of protest spoke the maid.
She wished to leave this world, and prayed
To go to Christ. It was her due.
In a dove's form to heaven she flew.

. . . . .

Then let us beg the maid to pray
For us, that Christ His mercy may
On us bestow, and by His grace
Let us behold Him face to face.

P.H.

Student Benefactions

The increase for 1928 in the totals of the Student Benefactions Fund was £130/1/2. The Fund itself now stands at £554/5/5. Details are given below.

A review of past years is interesting. The total at Degree Day, 1926, was £210 (approx.). The corresponding total for 1927 was £306. The next year saw an increase of £111; and the increase for the year 1928-9 is, as seen above, £130. It is proof of the progress of the movement. This year the committee hopes to raise the total to £700, aiming especially (1) at raising the Faculty Funds to the minimum capitals at which the interest may be used immediately for the needs of those respective faculties (i.e., £100); (2) to build up the Sports Oval and Equipment General Fund, not only for the supply of present needs of a more permanent nature, but chiefly to make provision for the needs of the new University at St. Lucia. These are the aims and suggestions of the committee. Of course, the individual is entirely at liberty to register his gift to any fund he cares to.

Details of totals are:—

Fund.	Amount.	Inc. for 1928.
Library	£231 8 10	£50 14 10
Arts	16 4 0	—
Science	20 15 6	3 13 0
Engineering	26 2 0	4 4 0
Law	2 2 0	—
Union	92 9 1	13 12 6
Sports	17 5 0	—
For specified purposes	136 9 4	53 11 0
Unspecified gifts	11 9 8	4 5 10
	£554 5 5	£130 1 2
	(Gd. Total in 3½yrs.)	(Inc. 1928)

It will not be long now before a Book of Public Benefactors will be instituted by the Senate. The fact of this brings before our minds the **duty** of giving as well as the pleasure. One can hardly expect the public to give if the people who know the value of University education should do nothing themselves. It is pleasant to see that 100 Graduates have done something; and it is to be hoped that this year will see the good work taken along rapidly. What more favourable incentive and opportunity than that day of exuberance of spirit—Commem!

Over 12 per cent. of our Graduates have now signed the unique S.B. Book. Union bodies have also made donations. The total of the annual "bobs-in" now stands at £38.

The Library Fund at its present stage will produce in perpetuity £10/10/- per annum. This constitutes an extra library grant to each of the faculties in turn.

It is interesting to see the way in which the scheme is fast coming into its own, and one likes to look a century or two into the future when the Scheme and the Book will be of a large historical and traditional importance.

Further interest is added when we learn that the S.B. Plan of this University has aroused active interest in other Australian Universities, and has been initiated in part by the Brisbane Grammar School. The latest request for information concerning it comes from Sth. India, from the Government Arts College at Trevandrun, Travancore, where Hindu students wish to institute a similar plan.

All who have given gifts and not yet signed the book are reminded to do so as soon as they possibly can.

E.G.W.

MAN

A young god came to earth to play,
And made a figure out of clay
And breathed on it, and said, " 'Tis man"—
And so humanity began.

And even since: the gods on high
Have loved to throw the moments by
In watching us their playthings—so
Entangled in our dreams below.

University Sport

SPORTS UNION.

Sporting activities have been resumed for the year with a pleasing display of enthusiasm. Let us hope that this will persist. A number of clubs, however, are badly off for active members. Financially the outlook is anything but bright. The Sports Union has had to meet heavy demands this year, as the majority of the clubs are either sending teams away or being called upon to care for and entertain the members of teams from other universities coming to Brisbane to compete in Inter-'Varsity contests. Several large and unusual items have also come up for immediate payment.

As the result of all this the finances of the Sports Union are not in a particularly sound position.

One bright spot in a fairly uniformly dark outlook is an offer from the G.P.S. O.B.B.C. to join them on equal terms in the running of a large carnival in the Domain on May 17th and 18th, for the purpose of raising funds. This offer was accepted at a special general meeting of members of the Sports Union.

As noted above the offer was for the Sports Union to come in on equal terms, the equality applying to the enthusiasm and work necessary for success as well as to the splitting of the profits. Having committed themselves, it rests with the members of the Sports Union to live up to their agreement in both the spirit and the letter. If they will do this the Sports Union will be put on a sound financial basis. If they do not the outlook is anything but rosy, and the only way in which to ease this financial strain, apparently, is to curtail the activities of the Sports Union. Even as things are the active members of various clubs are put to considerable expense to keep these clubs going or at least to have this University represented in Inter-'Varsity contests, a condition of circumstances which cannot endure indefinitely.

UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB.

The Boat Club is now a centre of activity. Training is being carried out in dead earnest for the Inter-'Varsity Race on June 1st. The crew leaves for Melbourne on May 18th. Mr. A. A. Watson, sole selector and coach, has chosen the following eight:—

A. I. F. MacKillop .. .. (bow)
B. J. Butcher .. .. (2)
C. J. Fraser .. .. (3)
J. Clarke .. .. (4)
C. S. Christian .. .. .. (5)
K. M. Carmichael .. .. (6)
N. S. Corrigan .. .. (7)
J. P. McGrath .. .. (str.)
Rhys Jones .. .. (cox)

The crew is a fairly heavy one, and its supporters are very optimistic about the result of the race.

On May 11th, the Annual Regatta will be held. Crews from other clubs will compete. Our own club will also be represented in several races.

This year the Boat Club is making an innovation by holding a Public Ball in the South Brisbane Technical College Hall on July 5th. All supporters of the club are requested to remember this date, and assist the club by being present.

CRICKET CLUB.

Although the Cricket Club has had a very bad season, there has been more enthusiasm shown by the members of the club, with the result that only once or twice were we unable to field two full teams. However, there is still much to be desired.

The failure of University cricket teams in the past may be attributed to three main causes:—

(a) Lack of coaching;

(b) Lack of promising cricketers from the secondary schools;

(c) Lack of enthusiastic support by undergraduates.

We have had some coaching this season from Mr. J. Farquhar, an excellent coach and intend retaining his services for next season. The Freshers this year appear to

be very promising as far as cricket talent is concerned. Greater interest in cricket must inevitably follow from these two facts, and hence we may look forward to very successful results next season.

The past season has been a very full one. In addition to the ten grade matches the following games were played:—

Sydney University v. Queensland University.

Combined Secondary Schools v. Undergraduates (two).

Staff v. Undergraduates.

The Inter-'Varsity match was played on the Exhibition Oval on December 16th and 17th. Sydney won the match by an innings and 75 runs, principally owing to the big score of 156 by G. Hogg. Kerr and Nixon Smith bowled well for Queensland, while Chater, Kerr, Yeates, and Allan did fairly well with the bat.

The two matches against the Secondary Schools were drawn games, with the odds slightly in favour of the Schools.

The Staff were defeated by a large margin after an enjoyable game.

M. Biggs was our most successful player during the season. He was chosen as captain of the Queensland Colts against the N.S.W. Colts, and was chosen as one of the Queensland team which visited South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales. Owing to his participation in this tour we were deprived of his assistance in the Inter-'Varsity match.

C. E. Kerr was chosen to play for Metropolitan Colts against Country Colts.

TENNIS CLUB.

The Men's Tennis Club has at last achieved its ambition—representation in the Inter-'Varsity contests. These were held at Melbourne this year during the week after Easter, and a team of six was sent down to participate. We were unlucky in that our first match was against the winners of Sydney and Melbourne, the two strongest teams in the competition.

We ultimately went down to Melbourne (who had defeated Sydney by 16 rubbers to 3) by 12 rubbers to 1, with three unfinished. The match, owing to Melbourne's unmentionable weather, had to be played on asphalt, which was entirely strange to every member of the team.

Adelaide and Tasmania had an interesting tussle, the former finally winning by 12 rubbers to 9. but they were beaten by Melbourne in the final.

On the way back a very enjoyable match was staged with Sydney at their own courts, and here we were more successful, being defeated only by 8 rubbers to 5, with 2 unfinished.

The club is quite satisfied with the team's performance and will certainly be represented again next year in Sydney. In 1931 there is every possibility that the competition will be played in Brisbane.

The activities of the club have been increased this year, and also the number of members. It is to be regretted that club matches cannot be provided for all these, but lack of courts restricts us in this direction.

The introduction of mixed tennis into the fixtures at Milton has been responsible for a marked advance both in the standard of play and the number and the enthusiasm of the players.

We have combined with the Women's Tennis Club, to enter two teams in Q.L.T.A., one in AII. and one in B grade. The competition began April 20.

Emmanuel and John's have both won their matches in the first round of the inter-college competition. Emmanuel, who have a strong team, defeated King's by a considerable margin, while Leo's provided a surprise by pushing John's fairly close. In the second round, Emmanuel defeated John's by a wide margin, and King's defeated Leo's by as great a margin.

A tournament, both singles and doubles, is being staged, and a fairly satisfactory number of entries have been received.

The annual dance will be held on June 29th.

At the annual general meeting the election of officers resulted:—President, Mr. M. C. Mayes; Vice-Presidents, Mr. S. Castlehow, M.A., Mr. E. A. Francis; Secretary, Mr. N. Fisher: Committee, Messrs. N. E. H. Caldwell, N. H. Morgan, J. M. Yeates. Mr. A. S. Hoey acted as captain of the team which represented Queensland in Melbourne.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

At the annual general meeting held on Monday, March 25th, the following officers were elected:—President, Prof. Michie; vice-presidents, Dr. Jones and Prof. Parnell; captain, Mr. J. Harrison; vice-captain, Mr. J. Hulbert; secretary, Mr. N. C. Tritton; treasurer, Mr. D. Maxwell; delegates to Q.A.A.A., Messrs. McIntyre and Tritton; delegates to Sports Union, Messrs. Harrison and Tritton.

The club intends to take part in Inter-Club fixtures again this year, though this is made difficult owing to members wishing to play football or hockey also.

The chief event of the year will be the Inter-'Varsity meeting, to be held on the Exhibition Oval on May 29th. Melbourne and Sydney will be fielding full teams, and probably Hobart and Adelaide will send individuals to compete.

On May 15th the annual 'Varsity meeting will be held. The Inter-College competition will form an integral part of this meeting, and should be of a higher standard than in previous years. John's supremacy will probably be challenged by the other Colleges, and the contest should add considerable interest to the whole meeting.

MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

The annual general meeting was held on Thursday, 26th March, and the election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Mr. R. K. Fardon; vice-president, Mr. J. S. Oxnam; secretary, Mr. D. B. Vallance; committee, Messrs. G. H. Jenkins, H. E. Young, and A. I. F. MacKillop.

Two teams have been entered in the Q.H.A. fixtures, and from present indications both should do well. The Inter-'Varsity hockey carnival will probably be held in Brisbane in this year, during the second vacation, and we hope to be visited by teams from Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide.

A five-a-side tournament was held on the Domain on Wednesday, April 17th. Sixteen teams took part in the competition, Miss G. May-Wilkie's team being the winners.

MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

The annual carnival of the above body was held, in conjunction with the Women's Swimming Club, at Ithaca Baths on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 10th. Despite the perfect weather conditions prevailing, the attendance, both of swimmers and of onlookers, was poor. The standard of the swimming seems to increase each year. In view of this fact it seems unfortunate that, for financial reasons, the practice of conducting an annual carnival may have to be abandoned.

WOMEN'S TENNIS CLUB.

Membership of the Women's Tennis Club has increased considerably this year. The club now has four courts at its disposal, and it is soon to have a fifth owing to the generosity of the Staff Tennis Club. With this number of courts, members of the club have more tennis during the afternoon, and it is hoped that the standard of play will improve henceforth.

The women, this year, have joined the men in playing Q.L.T.A. fixtures.

The Inter-'Varsity tennis is to be held in Brisbane during the first vacation this year. Members are still engaged in playing for positions in the team.

A club dance was held on April 6th, the proceeds of which have considerably augmented the club funds.

SONG.

When Rosalind lets down her hair
All the air is mellow;
Sing a song of amber-brown,
Amber-brown and yellow.
If the sky is black as night,
Still the sun is there,
When upon her shoulders white
Rosalind lets down her hair.
On her shoulders white and fair,
Rosalind lets down her hair.

THE UNIVERSITY OF QUEENSLAND UNION

Statement of Receipts and Payments

From 22nd October, 1927, to 15th October, 1928.

RECEIPTS.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Balances on 22nd October, 1927—		
General Account	24 11 0	
Men's Club	4 7 5	
Women's Club	6 17 6	
Debating Society	9 7	
Dramatic Society	45 17 0	
Musical Society	9 16 6	
Wider Education Society	1 10 11	
		93 9 11
,, Amounts Received—		
,, General Account—		
Members' Subscriptions	368 13 8	
Hire of Crockery	14 4 9	
Hire of Piano	3 5 0	
Contribution to cost of office furniture from U.Q.S.U.	4 13 0	
Sales of Badges	5 17 6	
Inter-'Varsity Debates (entrance money)	8 9 0	
Commem. Practice Collection	15 11	
Interest on Fixed Deposit (due to Reserve)	9 6	
Sales of Song Books	21 19 3	
Loan and Interest from S.U.	101 0 0	
Proportion of Telephone charges from U.Q.S.U.	10 1 4	
Cheque drawn in 1927, cancelled	10 0	
Petty Cash Advances Repaid	7 0 0	
Petty Cash Rebanked	1 5 0	
Petty Cash Rebanked (12th Oct.)	10 0 0	
Profit on Magazine	51 14 4	
Profit on Commem. Dinner	15 18 11	
		625 17 2

PAYMENTS.

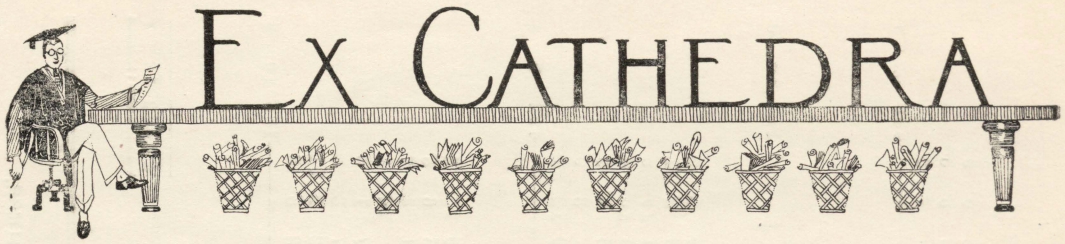
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Payments out of General Account—			
Commem. Expenses		4 4 6	
Storeman (1927)		1 1 0	
Refund of Union Fee (1927)		1 1 0	
Printing Annual Report		7 10 0	
Printing Song Books		12 10 0	
Honorarium to Auditor		2 2 0	
Telephone Account		56 2 8	
Freshers' Welcome		10 11 5	
Inter-'Varsity Debates		50 0 9	
Programmes		1 13 0	
Badges		4 17 6	
Tuning and Repairing Piano		1 10 0	
Fidelity Bond (Enter. Tax)		12 2	
Farewell to Rhodes Scholar		12 18 10	
Grant to Handbook Committee		21 0 0	
Extra Grant (deficit on estimate)		2 2 8	
Office Furniture		9 6 0	
Boxes for Crockery		2 15 3	
Typewriter		12 12 0	
Card Index System		5 8 6	
Stationery		4 4 5	
Stamps		5 6 2	
Cheque Book		1 0 0	
Petty Cash Cheques drawn		15 0 0	
Petty Expenses		5 17 3	
Paraffin Wax		18 0	
"Galmahra" Subs., transferred (350)		78 15 0	
Secretary-Treasurer		32 0 0	
Loan to Sports Union		100 0 0	
,, Grants to Constituent Bodies—			
Magazine Committee	20 0 0		
Evening and External Students' Association	10 0 0		
Wider Education Society	1 0 0		

„ Magazine Committee—						
Senate Grant			50	0	0	
Union Grant			20	0	0	
Members' Subs.			78	15	0	
Other Receipts			25	15	0	
						174 10 0
„ Constituent Bodies—						
Men's Club			50	5	0	
Women's Club			23	10	0	
Debating Society			2	0	0	
Dramatic Society			406	14	9	
Musical Society			32	13	11	
Wider Education Society			1	0	0	
Evening and External Students' Assoc.			32	17	9	
						549 1 5
						£1,442 18 6

Men's Club			25	0	0	
Women's Club			20	0	0	
Debating Society			2	0	0	
Musical Society			10	0	0	
					88	0 0
„ Transfer to Piano Sinking Fund					8	5 0
„ Transfer to General Reserve Fund					30	7 8
						589 12 9
„ Magazine Committee—						
Expenses			122	15	8	
Excess to General Account			51	14	4	
						174 10 0
„ Constituent Bodies—						
Men's Club					49	5 9
Women's Club					29	2 11
Debating Society					1	19 6
Dramatic Society					345	10 4
Musical Society					35	6 9
Wider Education Society						8 0
Evening and External Students' Assn.					30	12 1
						492 5 4
„ Bank Balances on 15th October, 1928—						
General Account					60	15 5
Men's Club					5	6 8
Women's Club					1	4 7
Debating Society						10 1
Dramatic Society					107	1 5
Musical Society					7	3 8
Wider Education Society					2	2 11
Evening and External Students' Assn.					2	5 8
						186 10 5
						£1,442 18 6

Examined and found correct,
J. F. McCAFFREY,
Hon. Auditor.

(Signed) A. F. HESS,
Secretary-Treasurer,
25/10/28.



The editor of "Galmahra" is always faced with a difficult task in deciding upon his policy. He is at the mercy of his contributors; for as yet that blessed state has not yet been achieved in which the editor turns grey through the worry of deciding what, out of a mass of excellent material submitted, is most worthy of publication. Present indications, however, point to progress. It is really with pleasure that we do not find it necessary to lament the paucity of contributions. Good articles have been received from the most unexpected quarters. Those few who have been personally approached have not failed us; but by far the greater number of articles submitted have been unsolicited. Especially pleasing has been the interest shown by freshers, and in many cases their work has been of a good quality. The standard of the poetry submitted has not been as high as could, perhaps, be desired, but much of it is very promising. Mere exercises in metrical composition will not, of course, be accepted. They bear much the same relation to true poetry as pianoforte scales bear to true music.

Critics will be pleased to notice that undergraduates are, after all, capable of thinking seriously about life and of expressing their thoughts. We, while welcoming serious articles, would like also to see the lighter aspects of life dealt with both in poetry and prose. The undergraduate enjoys the lighter side of life Why not write about it?

It would be a great help if writers wishing to remain anonymous, would make their identity known at least to the editor. Often an article is submitted which, with a little more thought and revision, would be suitable for publication. When the contributor's identity is unknown, the article has to be rejected, or else revised by the editor—a thing at no time pleasing either to the contributor or to the editor.

We wish to thank all those who have contributed in any way to the filling of the pages of this issue of "Galmahra." It is with particular pleasure that we publish articles from members of practically all Faculties. We can only add it is our earnest hope that such interest is not a "flash in the pan," but is merely the first indication of a deep and growing interest in the magazine as the mouthpiece of undergraduate expression. Articles certainly have been contributed by graduates, but the proportion of such is not unduly large. The undergraduates have begun to do their part in the production of their magazine, and we earnestly ask them to continue in their efforts.

In our Vestibularia we have tried to be as full as possible, but, as we have only limited means of learning of the doings of graduates, we would be pleased to gain information, however small it may be, from all sources.

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We wish to thank Brother Kearney, of the Joseph's College, Gregory Terrace, for the loan of the block of the Rhodes Scholar.

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Exchanges.

Hermes; Melbourne University Magazine; The Black Swan; Adelaide University Magazine; Otago University Review; Auckland University Magazine; Magazine of University College, London; The Platypus.